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THE CONSTELLATION.

STANZAS.

O, dost thou, Amelia, remember the hour,
When fondly together, by moonlight, we stray'd;
The green world of Nature was then in its flower,
And stood in its loveliness, brightly array'd.

There are griefs of the heart, lurking oft in each cell,
But the ray from thine eye pierces their darken'd
abode,
They rested entranced at the sound of thy shell,
And forgot for the moment their power to corrode.

The goblet of joy to the brain sparkled high,
Each current of rapture rush'd alive to my heart,
And my bosom felt not the weight of a sigh,
Till I heard with regret the harsh summons to part.

Fain would I have stand till the coming of dawn
Had tinted with purple the cheek of the moon,
But the shadows that fell lengthen'd out o'er the lawn,
And the last dropping sand hasten'd fast to its bourne.

That moment of parting—full dear to the view
Of memory now, are its pang and its bliss!
The agony borne on its trembling adieu—
The thrillings of life in its rapturous kiss.

Here again I embrace thee the leaflets must fall,
And a winter of absence my bosom must know,
Still my love, like the pine, when the earth is in thrall,
Shall bloom in its verdure, enlivening the snow.

Then wilt thou, Amelia, fondly cherish the hour—
When happy together by moonlight we stray'd,
When the green world of nature, all gorgeous in flower,
Stood forth in its loveliness, brightly array'd?

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXIV.

TERENCE.—Terence touches the heart with his expressions. He does not stoop to exuberant laughter; an affection too general in other comic writers; his language is that of nature, which he imitates very perfectly. It is astonishing as he wrote after so popular an author as Plautus, in spite of all his extravagant and farcical plasticities, that Terence should yet supersede him in the opinion of the Roman people; and by methods so unlikely to succeed as writing according to reason, which attracts the approbation alone of the finer sorts of intellect; nor is it less strange, that the Roman people so sensible in many other particulars, should so often err in their judgments of true and natural dramatic representations.—*Bellamy.*

EXTENT OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.—The sun never sets on the British dominions; before the evening ray leaves the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port Jackson; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens on the Ganges.

NEW HOLLANDERS.—From the quick and eager exercise of their eyes, in seeking for their prey, they are exceedingly keen sighted, and discover birds in the trees, or venomous reptiles in the grass, where Europeans see nothing. Of serpents they are much afraid, and flee from them as from death. They are proportionally skilful in tracking the kangaroo, or emu, or any other animal over the grass, which might seem to their own eyes, as undisturbed as though Virginia Camilla herself had passed over it without bending a blade, or shaking the dust from the blossom of a flower. They follow the trail of their countrymen with equal sagacity and confidence, for leagues together, through woods and over wilds as printless as the air, and when once they have seen the foot-mark of an European, they never forget it, but can instantly recognize the slightest vestige of the same.—*Bennet and Ferrand's Narratives.*

THE PRINCE DE CONDE.—In person he was striking if not strictly handsome, and many persons mention the peculiar sparkling of his eyes as something not to be forgotten. His manners were quick and

decided, which gave them an appearance of roughness to those who did not know him, and of rudeness to those whom he did not like. He was, however, warm-hearted and benevolent, ardent to serve his friends, eager to repair pain he had occasioned or injury he had done; fiery to his enemies, but easily appeased. His anger was like the lightning—if it struck it slew, but if it passed by it was instantly extinguished.

His greatest faults were to one who loved him dearly, and strove to merit his affection—his wife. But the force which had been put upon his inclination in the matter of his marriage, blasted all regard on his part toward the unfortunate lady to whom the bonds of policy had tied him in his youth, and he seems never to have forgotten that she was the niece of the detested Cardinal de Richelieu.

Conde was a great man, but in this he was inexcusable, that he neglected and pained a woman whose virtues he could not doubt, and whose love for him was of such a quality, as to induce her to throw off the fears of her sex in his defence, and boldly to take arms to free him from a prison.—*Memoirs of Great Commanders.*

SPIDERS.—There is a large breed of spiders which are found very generally in the palace at Hampton Court. They are called there "Cardinals," having I suppose been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's hall. They are a full inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their bodies covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening with the shade cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of "Cardinal" has not been given to this creature from an ancient supposition that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape. Be this as it may, the spiders are considered as a curiosity, and Hampton Court is the only place in which I have met with it.—*Jessie's Glances in Natural History.*

MULES.—No country can boast of finer animals of this description than Persia. They carry heavy burdens, and travel great distances, and at a rate of better than four miles an hour. They go in strings; and I was amused to see them, when at the end of the march and unladen, tread in circles, going after each other, at their usual pace, till they were cool.—*Sketches of Persia.*

POETS.—Learning is the bane of a poet. Imagine how beautiful Petrarch would be without his platonic conceits; fancy the luxuriant imagination of Cowley, left to run wild among the lofty objects of nature, not the minute peculiarities of art. Even Milton, who made a more graceful and gorgeous use of learning than perhaps any other poet, would have been far more popular, if he had been more familiar. Poetry is for the multitude—erudition for the few. In proportion as you mix them, erudition will gain in readers, and poetry lose.—*Falsham.*

TURKISH JOURNALISM.—The prophet's prohibition is entire; in the pages of the Koran, no distinction is made as to quantity, a glass is as a bottle, a bottle as a butt; and with this conviction, the Turks when they once begin to drink the forbidden draught, never stop until they can swallow no more, or get no more to swallow.—*The Jerusalem.*

PETER THE HERMIT.—It is difficult to fix limits to human achievements when superstition or enthusiasm is aided by the power of eloquence. The celebrated Peter the Hermit having made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem towards the close of the eleventh century, was deeply impressed with the oppression sustained by the Christians from the Turks, and resolved to make an effort to rouse the western nations into arms in their behalf. The appearance of Peter was mean, his stature small, his body meagre, and his countenance shrivelled; but with these disadvantages he had a keen and lively eye, and a ready eloquence. Being encouraged by Pope Urban he travelled as a missionary through the provinces of Italy and France. He rode on an ass; his head and feet were naked, and he bore a weighty crucifix. He prayed frequently, fed on bread and water, gave away in alms all that he received and by his saintly demeanour and fervid address, drew innumerable crowds of all ranks to listen to his preaching. When he painted the indignities offered to the true believers at the bath place and so-

pulchre of the Saviour, every heart was melted to compassion, and animated to revenge. His success was such as might be expected from the rude enthusiasm and martial spirit of the age; and Peter soon collected an army of 60,000 followers, with which he proceeded towards Jerusalem.

READING.—The difference between the time, which it takes a person who reads little, and a person who reads incessantly, to peruse the same quantity of words, is inconceivable by all but the initiated. A person habituated to read apprehends instantaneously, by his eye, a much greater quantity of writing, or print, than a person not thus habituated. It may be added, that his knowledge of the subject, his familiarity with the general march of composition, suggests to his mind much in the book which he does not read, but which he knows the book to contain, almost as well as if he had actually read it.—*Chas. Butler's "Reminiscences."*

MARRIAGE.—Sir Thomas More was united to a woman of the harshest temper and the most sordid manners. To soften the moroseness of her disposition, "he persuaded her to play on the lute, violin, and other instruments every day." Whether it was that she had no ear for music, she never became harmonious as the instrument she touched.—The lady of Samuel Clarke, the great compiler of books, in 1659, is described by her husband as having the most sublime conceptions of his illustrations compilations. He says, "she never rose from table without making him a courtesy, nor drank to him without bowing; and that his word was a law to her."—Salmasius's was a temerarious; and Christina said, she admired his patience more than his erudition.—The ladies of Albert Durer and Beigham were both shrews. The wife of Durer compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession; and this great artist fell a victim to her furious disposition.—Beigham's wife would never allow that excellent artist to quit his occupations; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Beigham answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Beigham that he was not napping.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

From the "Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion."

Brussels, June 10th, 1815.

To MARY C.

British bayonets are victorious! Napoleon's army, a wreck, perishes! Ah, alas! before Wellington and Blücher! I will not forget your anxiety even in this moment of fatigue and agitation. In the isolated retreat of your peaceful valley, may I be the first to communicate, and to facilitate you, my dear friend, on an event that restores you to the rights of citizenship, to your king, and your adopted country. The combined forces are covered with immortal fame; they have vanquished the élite of Napoleon's empire, and those veteran generals most attached to his person and dynasty. They are in full flight, and we in glorious pursuit!—Ere this reaches you, the Allies will probably have entered Paris a second time within the year. We learn that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th, on the day of the 13th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety; and towards evening General Muffling presented himself at the Duke's with despatches from Blücher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not solve the enigma of the Duke going triumphantly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond's—his boldness was above their comprehension; had he remained at his own hotel, a panic would probably have ensued among the inhabitants, which would have embarrassed the intended movement of our division of the army.

I returned home late, and we were still talking over our uneasiness, when our domestic distinctly heard the trumpet's shrill appeal to battle within the city walls, and the drum beat to arms. Ere the sun had risen in full splendour, I distinguished martial music approaching, and I soon beheld from my windows the 5th reserve of our army passing; the Highland brigade, in destructive warlike bearing, were the first in advance, led by their noble leader, the bagpipes playing their several melodies; they were succeeded by the 26th, their bugles note falling more blithely upon the ear. Each regiment passed in succession with its band playing, impatient of the fray and fearless of death, meeting the peaceful peasants carts bringing sustenance for the living. Those of my acquaintance looked gaily up at the window—alas! how many of them were before us numbered with the dead!—Scotland's thistles, ere they had traversed the Bois de Soignies; and the Duc de Brunswick Gels that evening at Quatre Bras, stimulating forward his valiant horses, and too carelessly exposing

ing his person. His death was deeply deplored;—his troops swore to avenge him;—and he was indeed avenged! A large proportion of officers in that bloody day's battle were rolling in death!

On the 17th the Duke of Wellington displayed his whole force to the enemy and seemed to defy them to the combat—but in the evening retired upon Waterloo, and there reposed with some of his officers, in the village, which lies embosomed in the Forest de Soignies. Picton had fallen; each herald brought us tidings of a heroless, where all were heroes.

That night was dreadful for the soldier and his horse. No sooner had darkness covered the earth, than a fearful tempest arose; it was awful for man and beast—for the houseless peasant and his children, who had been driven from their late peaceful habitations, and stood exposed to the pitiless storm, viewing in wild dismay their fields devastated, the spring produce of their garden laid low in human gore! At early dawn on the Sabbath,—that hallowed day, enjoined to be held sacred for the worship of God, and for rest to toil-worn animals—the British army beheld the eleventh legion of the enemy, in all its superior numbers, ranged in order of battle on the rising ground. The sun at mid-day flashed its brilliant radiance over their military casques and arms. The cannonade then became general: the Duke of Wellington exposed himself like a soldier; his personal venture in the strife excited anxiety; it was in vain that the officers of his staff urged him to be less conspicuous, that the fate of the battle hung upon his life: it was evident he had determined to conquer or to die: we knew it in Brussels, and we knew also that the Prince of Orange would succeed to the command in such a dread emergency; and although we did not doubt his Royal Highness's personal valour, we questioned much his experience in military tactics. In the streets every one demanded, "Will Blücher be able to advance?" and we were fully aware, if that veteran General could not effect a junction with Wellington before eight o'clock that evening, all would be lost. At nine o'clock the two heroes mutually saluted each other at the small suburb of Genappe. But it was not till three o'clock in the morning that the word "Victory" was proclaimed by an officer on the walls to the terrified population of Brussels!

The Prince of Orange had been wounded early in that evening, after having in the morning disputed every inch of ground against the superior force of the enemy, and continued to fight like a valorous cavalier each succeeding day for his kingdom; he has fairly won it. May his future subjects record the fact in ineffaceable characters on their memory! The British army had fought thirteen successive hours; they halted, and to the fresh troops of the Prussians the task of pursuing the fugitive enemy was assigned: they gladly forgot all fatigue, in vengeful feeling and relentless retaliation against their former merciless and insolent invaders. The British moved forward this day, and will enter France to-morrow. Eight hundred lion-mettled and noble-spirited British have fallen by the side of thirty thousand of their own brave soldiers! It has been a dear-bought victory to England; a dread tragedy, in the small circumference of three miles! The veterans of the Peninsular campaign assert that those scenes of carnage were less cruel. This city, where pleasure so lately reigned, now presents only the images of death. *Trains de nos résistants à mort dans les rues!* L'Hôtel de Ville, the hospitals, and some of the churches, are already occupied by the wounded; waggons full remaining in the streets, and many sitting on the steps of the houses, looking round in vain for immediate succour!

Our escape has been marvellous, for Napoleon's plan was to penetrate to Brussels, and surprise the Duke and his staff at the ball, when surrounded by the British *belles*; for he had his spies to report even the hour of our pastimes, and he reckoned upon a rise of the Belgians in his favour. For three days and nights we expected the enemy to enter; treachery reigned around us, and false reports augmented our alarms, as we knew the terrible numbers of the French forces. He was Bulow and his corps that protected us from that calamity. On the Saturday we took refuge within the city, from the scenes of horror before our villa. Baggage-waggons of the different regiments advancing—the rough chariots of agriculture, with the dead and the dying, disputing for the road—officers on horseback wounded! I spoke to one: 'twas Colonel C—, of the Scotch brigade; he replied with his wonted urbanity to my enquiries—gave me his hand—"I am shot through the body—adieu for ever!" He left me petrified with horror, and I saw him no more!

The Aristocracy.—Of the existing "haute aristocratie" it is curious that no fewer than six Ducal Peers are widowers, with families. These are—the Duke of Wellington, Norfolk, Rutland, Newcastle, Somerset, and Grafton. The Dukes of Devonshire and Dorset were never married. Consequently, there is a scarcity of Duchesses among the Nobility.—*London papers.*

MISCELLANY.

THE FELON'S MEDITATION.

"It was not too much to believe that there were many whom the apprehension of dissection after death would prevent from the commission of a felony."
—Lord Winford's speech—*Anatomy Bill.*

Before I break into old Stubbs's shop,
And carry off what'er I lay my fist on,
Will it not be a prudent course to stop,
And all objections to the plan insist on?

What, if I'm taken?—there's an ugly job—
I shall be hang'd, that's clear—an awkward thing;
But if 'tis natural in a man to rob,
'Tis natural enough that he should swing.

'Tis pleasant round the neck the knot to tie,
'Tis pleasant, sure, to dangle in the air;
But oh! if, when I've breathed my latest sigh,
My lifeless limbs to Surgeons' Hall repair!
Tremendous thought! mere hanging is a joke,
A heapen neckcloth to a willing thrille;
But in these howls a rude knife to poke,
Or these intestines thrust into a bottle!

Oh! 'tis too much to hear—I can't endure it:
The dreadful fince has o'ercome me quite;
My fingering folly, I must strive to cure it,
And for this once be honest—Stubbs, good night,
Schoolmaster at Home.

ANALYSIS OF THE THUNDER.—*Gambling amongst the People's Nobility.*—The Court Journal of Saturday says, "It is a matter of notoriety, that both at Epsom and Ascot, during the present season, ladies of rank and fashion—of the highest rank and fashion, and unfortunately boasting also a high proportion of those personal attractions which tend to fix the eyes of all classes of society on their proceedings—were seen among the foremost and most eager players at the roulette tables, and with the pea-and-thimble blackguards infesting the course. One of them, a Countess of unblended name and exquisite beauty, is known to have lost a sum of £500 in a gambling bout at Epsom; and unless we are much mistaken, may have derived a useful lesson from the severe sarcasms provoked on all sides by her appearance at Ascot in contact with the most flagrant raffishness of the metropolis. That a woman, who ever her rank, whose husband is addicted to the turf, may share in the excitement constantly met around her, triumphing in his triumph, and gratified by his success, even to the occasional hazard of a bet, we can well conceive. A winter passed at Melton induces many a dainty fair one into the arena of sold sports, and inspires her with an involuntary ardour in the chase; but when we hear of Lady Sutherland's loss, or of Miss ——— proving a defaulter, we begin to wish that Fine Masonry would extend its prohibitions to the stud and the betting-room, and exclude the fairest of God's creation from such ill-assorted unions." Our contemporary has rather over-charged this article. We have no doubt most of the ladies to whom he alludes merely entered the gambling booths from curiosity, and did not play. With respect to the *Widow's rig*, we suspect they know less of the *tableau* than their grandmothers.—*Bell's Life in London.*

GAMING DEBTS OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

Law.—*Debt of Honour of the Duke of York.*—[We abridge the report of the trial before the Court of Common Pleas, London, June 28.]
Charles Davis, Executor to Charles Davis, v. Sir Herbert Taylor, Knt., and Colonel Stephenson, Executors to His Royal Highness, the Duke of York.

Mr. Serjeant Andrews stated this case, which was an action brought upon a bond for £5,500 given by his Royal Highness the Duke of York to the deceased Charles Davis, (commonly known as American Davis) on the 1st of January 1801, to which the defendant pleaded, first, the want of proof that the bond was that of his Royal Highness; secondly, that if it was the bond of the Duke of York, it was given for money won by gambling, and therefore illegal.

Mr. Serjeant Wilde, addressing the jury, said that this action was brought by the plaintiff, as executor to his late father, on a bond given thirty-one years ago to his father, who died some years since. Interest had been paid upon the bond up to a certain period, and it was now sought to recover the principal. It was unfortunate that there should be a necessity for proceeding with this action under the peculiar circumstances of the principals to the bond, and the attesting witness, being each of them dead, and the plaintiff being a mere child, of eight or nine years of age, at the time the transaction took place; and it was unjust, under such circumstances, to contest the claim of the plaintiff at so late a period. In 1823 it was thought desirable to claim the principal, when an action was brought, and judgment given; the validity of which judgment was now challenged.

Mr. Serjeant Spankie now addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendants. The executors of the Duke of York did not come forward voluntarily to defend this case, but were obliged to do so by the direction of the Master of the Rolls, for the benefit of the legal creditors to the insolvent estate of the late Duke. Doubts had very properly existed on the other side of the Hall as to the fitness of this claim in competition with the demands of tradesmen who were *bona fide* creditors. He should prove clearly that it had been given on a gambling transaction.

John Macklin, examined: Formerly kept a Tennis court in James-street, Haymarket; knew the late

Duke of York, who attended and played very deeply; the Duke betted, and was in the habit of attending the Court for seven or eight years; during which period he attended two or three times a week, sometimes more; he began to attend the Court before he (the Duke) went to Holland, and played there after he returned from Holland; after he returned from Holland, the Duke continued to attend the Tennis-court for, the witness thought, seven or eight years. The witness took notes of the bets. Two Davises attended the Court, American Davis and another; American Davis was of no trade; he betted, but did not play, with the Duke of York; the Duke lost large sums of money; these sums were not paid on the spot, the winners were referred to Counselor Adams, who settled all these affairs.

Lord Cavan: Knew the Duke of York, and had played with him at the Tennis court in St. James's street; he remembered Davis, with whom the Duke betted; there were two Davises; the Duke betted frequently, and was on the whole a loser.

Other evidence was put in to a similar effect. Mr. Serjeant Wilde, in reply, denied that any satisfactory proof had been adduced, that the bond in question had been given for a debt of honour, however he might question the morality of such a defence. The Duke of York, it was well known, was not particular from whom he borrowed, and of the capability of Mr. Davis to lend £2,000, the fact of his personal property being worth £10,000 at the time of his death was a sufficient proof. After observing on the fact of the bond having been prepared by Messrs. Farrar and Atkinson, the Duke's most respectable solicitors, and witnessed by Mr. Greenwood, whom the plaintiff had obtained leave of the Court of Chancery to examine, and would have examined had he not unfortunately died before the trial, the Learned Serjeant went on to reply to the other arguments of his Learned Opponent, and concluded by submitting that the defendants had failed to make out any case to impeach the debt, and consequently that the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict.

The Learned Judge summed up the case carefully to the Jury, and left it to them to say whether or not the defendants had satisfactorily proved that this bond had been given to secure a gambling debt; if they had they were entitled to the verdict; if not, then the verdict ought to be for the plaintiff.

The Jury, after a minute's consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

Distinguished Fellow.—The London papers state that a late annual dinner given by the Merchant Tailors, cost no less than eight hundred pounds sterling. Among the distinguished persons present were the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Chandes, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Winchelsea, the Earl of Harrowood, Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Encombe, Lord Ashley, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Skelmersdale, Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Mr. Justice Taylor, Sir C. Wetherill, Sir J. Scarlett, Sir C. S. Hunter, Sir J. Malcolm, besides many other members of the House of Commons, &c. &c. After many loyal speeches, and loud cheering, among other toasts we find the following:—"The health of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Citizen and Merchant Tailor," which was drunk with great enthusiasm. The Duke returned thanks. The Master of the Company next proposed the health of another distinguished Merchant Tailor, the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, which also went down with enthusiastic applause. Many others of the distinguished guests were also complimented with a toast, Lord Eldon, Earl Harrowood, &c.

From the Atlas.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "INS" AND "OUTS."

The Court Journal gives an article of some length as the musings of an Ex-Minister-ess, parts of which we copy. The displaced writer holds that the poet's words,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

are only employed because he never tasted the joys of prosperity.

"Reverse of fortune renders all men misanthropic, from Timon of Athens to an ex-Under-Secretary of State, and Marius, when he sat meditating among the ruins of Carthage, was but the prototype of the courtiers of George IV, of blessed memory, sitting sulking among the ruins of the cottage in Windsor Park.—*Sweet?*—Verily, the uses of adversity are as bitter as a Quinine Lotion!"

'Tis a mighty easy thing for a monarch, taking his ease in his velvet *fauvel*, to say, "Let Whigs be trumps!" or, "My lords and gentlemen, get out!" but a mighty hard one to be captured as an odd trick, or fated to an awkward exit; and such of the *Ins* as think proper to parade to the *Outs* the *ennuis* endured at Royal breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, Royal marches and counter-marches from St. James's to Windsor, from Windsor to Brighton, are little to be trusted. It is, in fact, a perquisite of office to my Lord Groom of the Staircases or Sir Privy Purse, to grumble over the necessity of renouncing his hereditary castle or beloved domestic hearth for the Palace or the Pavilion. But experience teaches that people are apt to wax wondrous weary of the home of their ancestors; and after all, a Royal menu is not to be despised, nor a bed of down the worse for being enjoyed at His Majesty's or the nation's expense.

For the first five days of ex-Ministry, it certainly

affords some consolation for one's grievances, to rhodomontade about the thralldom of Downing street, and the sacred domesticities of private life. Like Wolsey in his fall, I remember exclaiming—

"Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!"

But soon I discovered that my tirades were listened to with a sneer; and that every one knew, as well as I know myself, how peerless are the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious office."

How sweet the downy nest of a sinecure; how exciting the duties of a tax-collectorship of perquisites. Salary is a mere tame and vulgar gratification, compared with the valiant piracies and buccannery of official picking and stealing. Numberless, indeed, as they are precious, are the privilege and immunities of a Court favorite. At the theatres the Royal box;—at races, the Royal stand;—on the road, the Royal equipage;—on the high seas, the Royal yacht;—exists and entrances undreamed of by the common-place frequenter of levees or drawing rooms;—a frigate to the Mediterranean for one's sick son;—a suite at the Pavilion for one's sick self;—a ranger'ship for one's villa;—and the Queen's band for one's diversion;—pine-apples from Kew, venison from Windsor;—a private view of the exhibitions, uncontaminated by plebeian breath;—a public review in the Park cheered by a shouting multitude.

And then the pleasure of insulting one's foes by all the condescension of patronage, and the comfort of insinuating one's friends into some secret snuggery of office;—the delight of visiting, unvisited, and in the Royal train, some stiff-necked Duchess who has been grinding her teeth at us for thirty years past;—or taking one's place, per virtue of office, at some dinner-table, whose host secretly wishes his vindex poisoned for our sake;—of being fawned upon by one's worst enemy, and humbly petitioned by some wretch who has despoiled us of our office, and persecuted us? These—these are joys beyond the computation of quarter-day; quotidian joys and nightly triumphs; delights for every hour in the twenty-four of the whole three hundred and sixty five days of the official year.

The beautiful Duchesse de Mazarin used to assert that there was rapture in infringing the smallest of our duties;—how much more then in invading the untrammelled duties of custom and even, and overstepping the high-pressure squeezing of the strait-jacket of Dover?—And then the odors of the public press! What charms do they not find in all our faces,—what dignity in all our steps! We cannot so much as bestow a glance on a Steward and his monkey without gaining credit for the action. We become philanthropic on the strength of a genuine subscription extorted from us by much urging, on the part of the directors of some benevolent, or blind institution; or affable when we dare not order our tall footmen to come away the Irish haysmakers bestowing our carriage on a new course. In the daily papers, the lady of the Home Department (like a bride) is always the amiable and accomplished; and of a Lord of the Admiralty, "lovely and interesting." The wife of a Cabinet Minister is in fact exempted from the common destiny of women. She cannot grow old and ugly;—and at worst (even trembling at sixties-two), is sure to be qualified as "dignified or estimable." Her children and grandchildren are eunuchs or cherubins; nay, even her dearest old aunt becomes "a venerable personage." The world—the *facile* world—is called upon to sympathize with her slightest catarrh;—and the announcement of her smallest dinner-party reaches the uttermost end of the earth.—Yesterday evening, Viscountess Treasury-Bench entertained a select circle of friends;—becomes eventually known at St. Petersburg, Canton, Madagascar, and Baffin's Bay!

And then the prodigious accession of family, the miraculous extension of clan, insured by hom-urable mention in the Court Calendar! Our holy-guard of cousins would fill Hyde Park, and every human creature to whom we ever addressed a sentence, were it but "stand out of the way," becomes our "old acquaintance," or "early friend." The nearest sighted peacock grows lynx-eyed enough to detect us at the distance of a mile;—and we are found worthy to be seen and bowed to from the gallery of the hall as our carriage passes through St. Paul's churchyard. No *in*ag, no oblivion,—can disguise our features, or veil our person.

—It were all one.

That we should take some bright particular star, and seek to hide it, as to conceal the light of our countenance from the recognition of mankind!

Alas! alas! all these distinctions and many more were mine, and are mine no longer. Other faces disclose their pearly smiles from the windows of the Queen's carriage;—other voices are heard in the royal boudoir; other hands dispense and receive the snug perquisite, the darling privilege. The "Court Circular" knoweth us not,—the star of our greatness is set;—no official villa,—no royal equipage,—no king's box,—no Virginia Water,—no Kew pine-apples,—no Windsor venison,—no nothing! The very pen and paper wherewith we record our Decline and Fall, are no longer pilfered from Government stationery;—we pay duty for our shoes from Paris, and no longer eat our maccarenti customs free. We are jostled in the ventilator, and elbowed in the gallery of the Lords, and no man careth. The newspapers say nothing of our influence: we come and go,—arrive in town,—travel down to Brighton,—lose father, mother brother, friend, and not a soul in the nation is sorry. But I forbear. Complaint is ignominious;—peevishness a triumph for my enemies.

"Come then, expressive silence,—mute my woes!"

CALASPO,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.
(Concluded.)

Of all the influences on the mind of man, there are two paramount, and but two that awake him to a totally new tribe of sensations. Passion, which comes at the period when man is about to enter on the great career of active life, when his understanding is on the point of acquiring its vigor, and he is summoned to substantiate his claim to the honors of society;—the sudden sense of beauty,—the high consciousness stirred up in the human heart, of the capability of doing all and suffering all for the possession of a being whom imagination resistlessly invests with all the attributes that enchain the human feelings,—one of the noblest fountains of the noblest efforts of the spirit of man,—the great summer of genius, of generous sacrifice, of gallant self-denial, of heroic ambition. But this first career had long been run by the heart of the being who now lay silent upon the pavement of the dungeon, but with his mind darting, as if it were already disembodied, from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. The second grand stage of human sensation had now come upon him—the solemn conceptions, which, coming at the close of life, and opening the gates of the grave, are perhaps sent to prepare the mortal for his first step in the world of immortality. A flood of strange and intense thought was rolling through his mind, and sweeping away all his old landmarks. The wisdom and capacious vigor of his past hours were extinguished in the presence of the grave. The deceptions of earthly dissimulation found a loftier object in the magnanimity and power of things above the stars. The world assumed to him a new aspect; he felt like one lifted above its sphere on a spiritual wing, and with a consciousness that he was to tread it no more. The earth, which had ever been so vast to his thought, so magnificently adorned with pomp and beauty, so eloquently filled with life, hope and power, was now to him the speck in the universe that it is. He felt that he could now die, and die willingly, embrace the awe, or whose the bullet, that put an end to his disastrous experiment of existence, and suffering but one kind and mortal regret to the memory of her whom he had already lost mingled with his human hopes, then identified with his nature and consciousness, rejoicingly felt the blow that dropped him from the world.

The *alibi* dream waited in vain for its answer. Calaspo, disturbed in thoughts that were so good to him the only fitting dwellers of the mind, simply waved his hand to him to retire, and the reluctant was not to be so repelled. He grasped the prisoner, and leaning down, whispered in his ear the name of Spinola. Calaspo started from the ground at the word. Spinola himself stood before him. His explanation was brief, but sufficient. "I had done you wrong, Calaspo," said he, "and I had found it out only when it was too late. The Austrian officer whom you wounded has since taken refuge in the north, and I find that you had even fired a shot at him. Calaspo, I had done you wrong long in the name of your having led those French brigands to the castle; and I have now come to save you from the consequences of my unwise judgment. The commandant of the castle has been indebted to me for some early favors, which he now returns by giving me this disguise. I have ventured into the fortress to save you. You have nothing more to do than to throw this cloak over you, and follow me!"

Light and life flashed in the dark eyes of the Italian at the word. He sprung from the ground, kissed his benefactor's hand, threw on the military cloak, and followed. The gates of the dungeon were passed,—the gates of the citadel were closed behind the prisoner and his friend. The gates of the fortress were opened for the passage of 'M. l'Able-de-camp of M. le General Cafforelli, Commandant de la Place de Barcelonnette'; and Calaspo's heart beat high with the thoughts of being once more among the valleys and mountains, free and vigorous as one of their own eagles, when a troop of cavalry arriving, as the escort of General Desaix, stopped up the entrance. The Frenchman's eye fell on Spinola. Nothing could be more unlucky, for Desaix had been well acquainted with his person in the Parisian embassy. An enquiry followed. The protector and the protected were, of course, put under arrest; and Calaspo had the agony of heart to hear the order issued for Spinola's being shot as a spy, at the same time with himself, who was now charged with the various offences of spy, traitor, and deserter. They were thrown into the same cell for the few hours that were to interpose between them and the future world. Their conference was solemn, but calm. Those were hours when mystery is no more, and Calaspo revealed the secret of his wild and lonely life. He was the only surviving branch of a noble tree, the Counts Ottaviani of the Val di Noto, the Sicilian viceroys, jealous of their influence in the island, had denounced them to the court; and Neapolitan cruelty always the link of Neapolitan fear, had thrown the last ancestor of Calaspo into the dungeons of St. Elmo, where he expired. His son had been conveyed away an infant by some friends of his house, and in the confiscation of the family estates, and in the proscription of the family name, he had disclaimed to return under a government of injustice and ingratitude.

The mountains of the north, which had sheltered his infancy, became the dwelling of his manhood. He had lived a wild man, and a wild man he would have died, but for the accidental rencontre with the Mar

quis Spinoza on the night of the tempest; there a finer feeling was infused into his nature, and in the impulse of that feeling, to enjoy the presence of one dearer to him than life itself, he had stooped to the willing obscurity, which alone could have secured to a broken and an exiled man the happiness of her presence. But all was now over. He had never offended her ear with his feelings, and he must expire, with the added misery of soul, of having dragged down with him the noble parent, whose loss to her world could not repay. The confession was made, and the voice that made it had sunk into sighs and silence, when Calaspo, to his surprise, felt his hand clasped by the old man, and heard himself pronounced to be the very son whom he would have desired; the man whom, under the primely roof of the Ottaviani he had united in their cradles to his Melanie; the descendant of his first and fastest friend, whom he had sought in every part of Europe, and whom, if they were but set free, he would wed to his daughter at the moment, in spite of fate or fortune.—But where are we now? murmured Calaspo.—Where are we now? echoed Spinoza.

A low sound, like distant thunder, or the fire of artillery, followed the words, as if prolonging them through the earth and air. The bells in all the churches began suddenly to ring. The cell was instantly darkened. Cries arose on every side in the prison. Muskets were heard; the garrison were evidently alarmed, and all was in tumult and terror. The earthquake of 1796 is still remembered in the Piedmontese. It tore up hills, scattered forests and filled valleys. Castles were laid in ruins where they lay in ruins to this day. The whole mountain country was heaved from its foundation. Barcelonnette shared the fate of Fort Dauphin, Sabauds and a hundred towns and villages. The citadel was shaken like a basket of oysters on a mountain lake. The solid walls cracked and fell up like paper. Calaspo and Spinoza saw their dungeon split from top to bottom, and the remnant of the fortress rolling down the hill like a stream of water. All was darkness, dissonance, confusion, and cries of agony and horror. But what was death to others, to the prisoners was freedom. Calaspo sprang through the ruins, bearing the less active Marquis along with him; they reached the bank of one of the small rivers of the country. The Valletta had been a running streamlet the day before, it was now a dashed, roaring and rushing down, loaded with the wrecks of the forest along its side. Calaspo urged his companion to plunge in, but the attempt could be scarcely less than death. Spinoza paused for a moment to discover a safer passage. But that moment was fatal; a shower of balls from one of the French pickets sent him up the ground at their feet. Calaspo fell, desperately wounded, and saw no more.

In 1797, two years after Bonaparte had beaten the Austrians from the whole of the Piedmontese, and was under the walls of Milan, his triumphal entry was the most magnificent display that the citizens had ever witnessed; and in testimony of their rejoicing, they resolved that a day's food should be distributed to all prisoners who sent for it to the Town-hall. Amongst those who attended there, was one young female, attired in the very robes of penury, yet with a look of such peculiar dignity and hardness, that the guards instinctively made way for her to the place of distribution. The report of her loveliness reached the ears of the French officers, and they came crowding out to see this perfection of Italian beauty.

She passed along, fully sustaining all that fame had said of her free and form. But an outcry was suddenly heard, a confusion was evident among the officers; and the General commanding the brigade was seen, to the universal astonishment, rushing through the crowd, and kneeling before the fair stranger. She scarcely could recognize in the plumes and showy uniform of the republican staff, the wild countenance of the mountaineer, which, wild as it was, had yet first taught her to love. But she recognized it at last, and showed her memory by fainting in his arms.

The story of both was one of a few words. Calaspo had been found on the bank where he fell; on his recovery he had been offered service in the French army. Napoleon observed his talents, and raised him rapidly until he had made him a general. Spinoza, too, had been taken, but by the Austrians, been thrown into a dungeon, and had lived on the industry of his preeminent daughter. But the storm was now past—the sunshine had come, and their sky was clouded no more.

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. —FORTH UNDER THE SIMULACRE OF A DEER. (Continued.)

Now, as Pilgrim was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off, crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way to each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Clip-the-bill, and he dwelt in a town called Truckleborough, not far from the city of Corruption. This man then meeting with Pilgrim, and having some knowledge of him (for Pilgrim's setting forth from the city of Corruption was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the talk in some other places)—Mr. Clip-the-bill having some guess of him, began to enter into talk with him, saying, "How now, good fellow, whither away at this burdened manner?"

"I am going, Sir," said Pilgrim, "to the city of Reform, that I may get rid of this burden."

"Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?" said Mr. Clip-the-bill.

"A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person: his name, as I remember, is Reformer."

"Beshrew him for his counsel!" said Mr. Clip-the-bill; "there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than that unto which he hath directed thee, and that thou shalt find if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already. I see the dirt of the slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me, I am wiser than thou; thou art likely to meet on the way which thou goest, boisterous, trickery, rattery, juggling, speechifying, pamphleteering, canting, blarney, humbug, and nobody knows what."

"Why, Sir," replied Pilgrim, "this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in my way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden."

"But why," said Mr. Clip-the-bill, "wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it—especially since I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers thou wilt in this way run thyself into?"

"Pray, Sir," replied Pilgrim, "open this secret unto me."

"Why, in yonder village," said Mr. Clip-the-bill, "dwells a gentleman, whose name is Catchlat, and he has a peculiarly dexterous manner of relieving pilgrims of burdens such as that which thou now carriest, and if thou wilt dwell in that village, thou wilt have all manner of accommodations and comforts far exceeding those which thou couldst have in the city of Reform."

So Pilgrim was mightily pleased at the thought that he might obtain the object of his journey without undergoing all the labour and toil of a long and dangerous journey to the city of Reform; and he began to turn aside with Mr. Clip-the-bill to the village where the ingenious Mr. Catchlat resided. Just at this moment up came Reformer himself, and looked frowningly and sternly at Mr. Clip-the-bill, who at his presence seemed quite flustered, and ready, as we say, to sink into the earth.

"How now, Mr. Clip-the-bill," said Reformer, "art thou attempting to seduce my friend Pilgrim to turn aside from the right path, and to take up his abode at the village where thy friend Catchlat dwells?"

Thereupon Mr. Clip-the-bill had nothing to say for himself, and looking nervously foolish, he nibbled the neck of his right thumb and latched up his breeches with his left hand, and snatched away towards Truckleborough. Then said Reformer to Pilgrim, "Wert a goose thou wast to listen to the talk of Mr. Clip-the-bill; he would have led thee into the village where Mr. Catchlat resides, and there wouldst have been as ill conditioned there as if thou hadst remained in the city of Corruption, and as far as ever from the city of Reform."

I saw, then, in my dream, that when Pilgrim had got nigh unto the city of Reform so as to distinguish its plumes, its towers, its palaces, and its temples, that he met with some that brought him an evil report of the land to which he was going. Amongst them was one Mr. Crook, who was a man right fair to behold and most plausible in speech, and as he came nigh unto Pilgrim he put on a right melancholy face, and turned up his eye-balls unto a duck in a thunder-storm, the which when Pilgrim saw he greeted him, and said, "How now, neighbour, whence comest thou, and what ails thee?"

"I am come," said Mr. Crook, "from the city of Reform, where I have seen such melancholy and hideous sights that my heart faileth me for fear, and I am going back again as fast as my legs can carry me."

"Now, I pray thee," said Pilgrim, "that thou wouldst tell me what thou hast seen in the city of Reform so hideous and melancholy as to disturb thy self-possessions; for I have been assured that the city of Reform is fair to look upon, and pleasant to dwell in."

"Then," said Mr. Crook, "thou hast been grievously misled and evilly informed; for in the city of Reform there is naught but what is odious, abominable, mischievous, and detestable. There is nothing in that city so beautiful and desirable as that which thou hast left behind thee in the city of Corruption. There are no pot-wallopers!"

"No pot-wallopers!" exclaimed Pilgrim; "then peradventure they live upon roast meat?"

"Nay, not upon roast meat," replied Mr. Crook, "for there is no trade in the city whereby the people may obtain meat to roast."

"No trade, sayest thou?" answered Pilgrim; "surely Reformer did say, that in the matter of merchandise there was great abundance of opportunity for all diligent men to traffic. May I be so bold as to ask, therefore, in what line of business thou didst keep shop?"

"In the most flourishing of all trades," replied Mr. Crook; "I set up a shop for the sale of boroughs, but there were none to be bought, and consequently none to be sold; so that having no business in the city of Reform, I am driven of necessity to go back into the city of Corruption."

"Go back," then said Pilgrim, "and much good may it do thee! for if all thy lamentation cometh but to this, that thou canst not keep a borough-shop in the city of Reform, I am marvelously glad thereof, seeing that it is in the borough-shops which so mightily

abound in the city of Corruption, that these vermin are bred which now compose the burden which is upon my back."

Now I saw in my dream, as Pilgrim drew nigh unto the city and approached the gates thereof, that he saw divers wild beasts that were set, as it were, to keep and to guard it; and these wild beasts set up a loud roaring as Pilgrim came nearer to the city. At some little distance they looked like lions, but as Pilgrim came closer to them they looked much more like unto donkeys. And as Pilgrim came hitting up and brandishing his oaken staff of Perseverance these strange animals grew mightily furious, and bared and bleated just like so many new born calves; and they obstructed his path so, that by reason of their ungainly caperings and clumsy frolickings they suffered him not to pass unto the gates of the city; but presently the king of the city came forth to see what ailed the beasts, and he waxed wroth at the interruption which they occasioned, and taking out of his pocket a little whip he lashed their hides heartily, and sent them howling to their kennels, so that free passage was left for Pilgrim to approach and enter the city of Reform. But at the noise which those beasts made I was awakened from my dream.

W. P. S.

THE TREASURY OF ST. MARKS.

Among the suite of a prince of the house of Este, indulged, according to custom, with an inspection of the wonders of the treasury of St. Mark's, was a Canadian named Stannato, in whose bosom the sacred spectacle awakened more desire than veneration. Watching his opportunity, and closely noticing the localities of the spot, this ingenious plunderer secreted himself behind an altar in the body of the cathedral, and when discovered in this first hiding-place by a priest, obtained fresh access by means of false keys. After numerous difficulties, and by the labour of many successive nights, he removed one compartment of the marble panelling, which guarded the lower part of the treasury. Having thus gained access at will to its interior, he carefully replaced the panel, leaving it removable at pleasure; and, renewing his nightly visits, he selected, without fear and without suspicion, such portions of the entire spoil as his command as most gratified his fancy. It was doubtless a lust for gold which allured him in the first instance to the heretic of the doge, studded with gems of inestimable price; but nothing short of an insatiable love of virtue could have prompted him to secure the accredited horn of a unicorn, too cumbersome for removal while entire, and requiring the tedious process of the saw before it could be borne away. More fortunate than the Egyptian robber, whose bold exploit, perpetrated under very similar circumstances, must have already suggested itself to every reader of Herodotus, Stannato, but for his vanity, might have enriched himself, and escaped to his native shores, unharmed and undetected. Simply to possess this boundless wealth, however, appeared but little in his eyes; for its full enjoyment, it became necessary that another should know of his possession. Accordingly, having exacted a solemn oath of secrecy from one of his countrymen, Grioni, a Canadian of noble birth, he led him to an obscure lodging, and poured before the astonished eyes of his companion the dazzling fruits of his plunder. While the latter watched the countenance of his friend, he mistook the expression which passed across it, and the stiletto was already in his grasp to ensure his safety, when Grioni averted the peril by stating that the first sight of so splendid a prize had well nigh overpowered him. As a token of benevolence, perhaps as a bribe, Stannato presented his unwilling accessory with a carbuncle, which afterwards blazed in the front of the dogal bonnet; and Grioni, seeking excuse for a short absence, and bearing in his hand this well-known and incontestible evidence of his truth, hastened to the palace and denounced the criminal. The booty, which amounted to the scarcely credible sum of 2,000,000 ducats of gold, had not yet been missed, and was recovered undiminished. Stannato expiated his offence between the Two Columns; the rope with which he was executed having previously been tight, in order that, like Crassus, he might exhibit in his death a memorial of the very passion which had seduced him to destruction.—*Venet. History.*

SETTLING AN INTEREST ACCOUNT.

We are indebted for the discovery of this new mode of arranging such business to Sir Jonah Barrington, and think it necessary to state the authority, that no careless doubt may disturb its credibility.

Ed. Atlas.

"I name place, parties, cause, proceeding, and final judgment, just as I received these particulars from the defendant himself."

Eustace Stowell, Esq. Challenger; Richard Martin, Esq. Acceptor; Operator for the Challenger, D. Blake, Esq.; Operator for the Acceptor, Rt. Hon. St. Geo. Daly, late Judge of the King's Bench, Ireland.

CASE AS REPORTED BY DEFENDANT.

Eustace Stowell had lent me a sum of money on interest, which interest I had not paid very regularly. Mistaking my means, I promised to pay him at a certain time, but failed. He then called on me, and said I had broken my word. I answered, "Yes, I have; but could not help it. I am very sorry, but in a few days will satisfy the demand." Accordingly, my worthy friend, the late Earl of Mountjoy [Q. Blessington] accepted my bills at three and six months for the whole amount.

Having arranged the business thus, I enclosed the bills to Mr. Eustace Stowell, who immediately returned them, saying, that as I had broken my word, he would accept of no payment but hard money.

I replied that I had no hard money, nor was there much of it afloat in any part of the country, upon which Mr. Eustace Stowell immediately sent his friend to me, requiring me either to give him cash or personal satisfaction, and in the latter event to appoint time and place. My answer was, that I did not want to shoot him unless he insisted upon it; but that, as to cash, though Solomon was a wise man, and Sampson a strong one, neither of them could pay ready money if they had it not. So I prepared to engage him; my friend, the Right Honourable Saint George Daly, since Judge of King's Bench, assisted in arranging preliminaries to our mutual satisfaction, and pretty early next morning we met to fight out the debt, in that part of the Phoenix Park called the Fifteen-acres.

Every thing proceeded regularly as usual; our pistols were loaded, and the distance measured, eight yards from muzzle to muzzle. I stepped on my ground—he on his. I was just presenting my pistol at his body, when having, I suppose, a presentiment that he should go somewhere out of this world if I let fly at him, he instantly dropped his weapon, crying out, "Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin, a pretty sort of payment this you'd shoot me for my interest money, would you?"

"If it's your pleasure, Mr. Eustace Stowell," said I, "I certainly will, but it was not my desire to come here or to shoot you. You insisted on it yourself; so go on, if you please, now we are here."

"What security will you give me, Mr. Martin," said he, "for my interest money?"

"What I have offered you already," said I.

"And what's that," demanded Mr. Stowell.

"I offered you Lord Mountjoy's bills, at three and six months," said I. Before I had time to finish the last words, Mr. Stowell cried out, "Nothing can be better or more reasonable, Mr. Martin; I accept the offer with pleasure. No better payment can be. It is singular you did not make this offer before."

"I think," said I, "you had better take your ground again, Mr. Eustace Stowell, for I tell you, I did make this offer before, and may be you don't like so plump a contradiction. If not I'm at your service. Here is a letter under your own hand returning the bills and declining to receive them. Sir, read that," continued he handing it to him.

"Bless me," said he, "there must be some great misunderstanding in this business. All's right and honourable. I hope the whole will be forgotten, Mr. Martin."

"Certainly Mr. Stowell," replied I, "but I trust you'll not be so hard to please about your interest money in future, when it's not convenient to a gentleman to pay it."

He laughed, and we all four stepped into the same carriage, returned the best friends possible, and I never heard any thing irritating about his interest money afterwards.

MENTAL ALIENATION.

The following statements appear in Professor Silliman's Journal of Science, as "facts illustrative of the powers and operations of the human mind in a diseased state."

Some years ago a farmer of fair character, who resided in an interior town in New England, sold his farm, with an intention of buying another in a different town. His mind was naturally of a melancholy cast. Shortly after the sale of his farm, he was induced to believe that he had sold it for less than its value. This persuasion brought on a disquietude and evidently a considerable degree of melancholy. In this situation, one of his neighbors engaged him to enclose a lot of land, with a post and rail fence, which he commenced making the next day. At the time appointed he went into the field and began with a beetle and wedges to split the timber out of which the posts and rails were to be prepared. On finishing his day's work, he put his beetle and wedges into a hollow tree, and went home. Two of his sons had been at work through the day in a distant part of the same field. On his return he directed them to get up early the next morning, to assist him in making the fence. In the course of the evening he became delirious and continued in this situation several years, when his mental powers were suddenly restored. The first question he asked after his return to reason was whether his sons had brought in the beetle and wedges. He appeared to be wholly unconscious of the time that had elapsed from the commencement of his delirium. His sons, apprehensive that any explanation might induce a return of his disease, simply replied that they had been unable to find them. He immediately rose from his bed, went into the field where he had been at work a number of years before, and found the wedges, and the rings of the beetle, where he had left them, the beetle itself having mouldered away. During his delirium his mind had not been occupied with those subjects with which it was conversant in health.

Mrs. Smith, an intelligent lady, belonging to a respectable family in New York, some years ago undertook a piece of fine needle work. She devoted her time to it almost constantly for a number of days. Before she accomplished it, she became suddenly delirious. In this state, without experiencing any abatement of her disease, she conti-

nued for about seven years, when her reason was suddenly restored. One of the first questions she asked after her reason returned, was relative to her needle work. It is a remarkable fact, that during the long continuance of her delirium, she said nothing so far as was recollected, about her needle work, nor concerning any such subjects as usually occupied her attention when in health.

A lady in New England, of a respectable family was for a considerable period subject to paroxysms of delirium. These paroxysms came on instantaneously, and after continuing an indefinite time, went off as suddenly, leaving her mind perfectly rational. It often happened, that when she was engaged in rational and interesting conversation, she would stop short in the midst of it, and become in a moment entirely delirious and commence a conversation, on some other subject, not having the remotest connection with the preceding one, nor would she advert to that during her delirium. When she became rational again, she would pursue the same conversation in which she had been engaged during the brief intervals, beginning where she left off. To such a degree was this carried that she would complete an unfinished story or sentence or word. When her next delirious paroxysm came on she would continue the conversation which she had been pursuing in her preceding paroxysms; so that she appeared as if person might be supposed to be who had two souls, each alternately dominant and occasionally operative, and entirely ignorant of what the other was doing.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GEELINE.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

SOLID CHARMS.

What mother sighs, and what father wails,
Linger for a thousand generations yet.

DEVIL.

"Open my soul," exclaimed Ned Gumption, as he knelt before the Willow Wimple, "I love the very ground you stand upon."

This was in fact no exaggeration—no flattery. It was literally true, for she happened to be standing on her own ground, which was part and parcel of a very valuable farm. The Widow was pretty old, and profoundly homely. Ned was young, and well looking. The Widow was rich, and Ned was poor. He therefore spoke the truth, when he professed an affection for the Widow's land—which is more than every other feels himself bound to do.

"I love the very ground you stand upon," said he, kissing her hand and kissing it with great zeal.

"I dare say it's my ground you love," said the widow, looking kindly upon him, and graciously permitting him to devour her wrinkled hand.

"I swear by—"

"Tut! tut!" said the widow, pressing her hand upon his mouth, "you mustn't swear."

"By your bright eyes, I was going to say."

"Oh, you flattering rogue!" exclaimed the old lady, looking still more kindly upon the ardent lover. "You don't mean what you say, I know you don't."

"Do you want me to swear it again? By heavens, madam, you have forty thousand charms."

"Ah! now, you're thinking of dollars all the time. That's the way with you men; when you talk of our charms, you think only of our money, our houses, lands, goods and chattels."

Though the widow said this, and believed it was true in general; yet in regard to herself, she took all her young lover said, to be the sincere truth, and no flattery. What she asserted with her tongue, therefore, she contradicted with her eyes.

"You men," continued she, "are all deceivers. You praise the charms of us poor weak women—"

"But yours, madam," said the lover vehemently, "are real solid charms."

"What can be more solid," returned the widow, "than this ground you love so well, or the forty thousand charms you spoke of? Ah, Mr. Gumption, I doubt you're after all but a gay deceiver."

"Deceive! I declare upon my soul, Mrs. Wimple, I love you severely. Your attractions are ineffable."

Thus Ned Gumption made love to the widow—not by halves, but like a man who is determined to accomplish his object. The widow was not proof against such vigorous and well-directed efforts. She permitted herself to be led, nothing loth, to the altar of Hymen. But mark the sequel.

What the old lady effected to believe the object of her lover's affections, she soon found to be so in reality. Her loving husband contrived, the first night after their marriage, to kick her out of bed. He declared, indeed, it was all an accident. He raised her from the floor, rubbed her poor old joints with spirits of camphor, and professed the deepest regret for having, though involuntarily, caused her a moment's pain; but he was apt, he said, to be very restless at nights, and he could not answer for his unquiet demeanor, especially in his dreams.

He helped the old lady into bed again. But, in a short time, he was troubled with the same restless dreams, which were followed by the same disastrous result to the good woman as before. He helped her up a second time, attended to her bruises, and did all he could, by kind professions and tender apologies, to soothe and comfort her; but as he was unfortunately, for both their sakes, of so restless a turn, and was likely to prove so uncomfortable a sleeping partner, he modestly suggested to his affectionate wife, whether it would not be better on the whole that they should thereafter sleep apart.

After the specimens she had just had, and was likely to have, Mrs. Gumption did not object; and separate beds were provided. But the husband began to throw off the mask too early. His wife had not yet invested him with the fee-simple of these "solid charms" which he so fondly aimed at; and now that the eleven feet began to appear, she resolved that he should enjoy them as little as possible during her life, and have neither part nor lot in them after her death.

When he fell in love with the solid charms afore-said, he had calculated that the king of terrors would shortly rid him of the incumbency of the widow; and that he should be left to the free enjoyment of the wealth he coveted. But death was not so accommodating. Finding his approach too slow, he would willingly have hastened his lagging steps; and among other modes of doing so, he purchased a wild young horse for the old lady to drive in her ring, that so, peradventure, she might be upset, and get her neck broke. But the old lady refused to drive the colt; and to the benevolent design of her husband was frustrated.

She was very much troubled with a cough, for which she was in the habit of taking a prepaine. Her husband thought it was a great pity her complaint should not be thoroughly cured, instead of being merely palliated; and he therefore procured some parement to be made of the strength of leucanum.

"My dear," said he, as he brought it home, "I have here some of the newly-improved parement; I think you will find it very serviceable to your cough."

"You give yourself too much trouble, my love," said the old lady; "you are quite too solicitous about my health. For my part, I am very well satisfied with the old kind of parement."

She refused to touch the improved medicine; and so the benevolent intentions of her husband were again frustrated. In short, Mrs. Gumption, somehow or other, contrived to upset all the plans of her dear spouse, for hastening her out of the world; and declared she would not die to please him. He had taken her for better or for worse; and of the latter part, he should at least have his full measure. She lived to be nearly a hundred years old; and when she died, reposed the sincerity and affection of her husband by bequeathing all her property to found an hospital for lunatics.

Poor Ned Gumption—his jaw fell six inches, as the will was read to him; he indignantly dried his widowed tears, tore off his mourning weeds, and swore that the next time he married an old woman for her money, he hoped the devil would fly away with him.

CHOLERA ITEMS.—We continue to gather from the papers, daily, such alarming and "jor-o-d-ig-i-o-u-s" items as the following:—

"A gentleman, in the upper part of the city, died yesterday after eating a plate of *tomatoes*. We understand a part of the same dish was given to the bogs, when they were immediately seized with the cholera—but we are happy to learn are now convalescent. We wonder people will venture upon *tomatoes*!"

"Three beautiful young ladies, belonging to one family, were taken with the most violent vomiting at the bare smell of a fried *ingona*. 'O heavens!' exclaimed one, as soon as the odor impinged upon her delicate nose, 'I'm sure that *ojos* smell is enough to give one the cholera!'—and the cholera she accordingly had. The others exclaimed in like manner, and in like manner they too had the cholera."

"A lady, who kept a boarding-house, fell down dead in the market, as she was in the act of cheapening a half peck of peaches, with which she intended to regale her boarders. As much as we regret her death, we cannot but say it was a very fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as she was thus prevented from setting a half peck of cholera before her boarders—who, in that case, would all doubtless have shared her fate."

"A gentleman, in Wall Street, was seized with the cholera this morning after taking a pinch of snuff. He immediately felt a premonitory tickling in his nose; and being somewhat alarmed, he applied his handkerchief thereto, and blowed with all his might to dislodge the

"pungent grains of titillating dust," when he was instantly taken with severe cramps,

and, we are sorry to say, now lies in a very hopeless condition."

"A young man died this morning after eating cold hasty-pudding. He was cautioned against it—but declared, with a melancholy smile, he took it 'to settle love.' It has settled him, poor fellow!"

"A cartman's horse got to a fruit stand, and before he could be driven away, ate five pears. He presently 'puked like a horse,' and in three minutes, was a gone case."

"A parrot was taken with the cholera after eating a plum. She cried out, 'Poor Polly,' and died."

DUKE OF REICHSTADT.—A letter from Vienna, published in a Paris paper, speaking of the approaching death of the son of Napoleon, exclaims, "What a mournful destiny is his!" When we see youth wasting away by disease, and dropping into an early grave, we are apt to be forcibly struck with the scene; and the death of those, who are just ripening into manhood, is, other things being equal, apt always to impress us more forcibly than that of persons any other age. But what especial cause is there for the exclamation above quoted, more than in a thousand other instances of early death? Young Napoleon has been brought up tenderly and carefully, at one of the principal courts of Europe, and under the affectionate eye of his grandmother. Hardship he has never known; and grief he has, probably, had little occasion to know. Happy has been his life, compared with the restless and turbulent one of his father; and happier still will be his death, when contrasted with that of the deposed Emperor of France. But he is dying young. So are thousands of others—thousands who have suffered all the miseries of want—exposed to every hardship—subjected to ignominious stripes and cruel oppression—they have never enjoyed any of the blessings with which the Duke of Reichstadt has been surrounded. And yet no pining voice cries out, "What a mournful destiny is mine! No; they are poor, and humble, and oppressed; they are swept away with the common herd of the miserable; and their hard fate excites no emotion. But because the son of a splendid tyrant and conqueror is about being 'taken away from the evil to come,' the voice of pity is mournfully raised. Such is the difference between *notis* and *publicis* misery!"

P. S. Since the above was in type, we have received an account of the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. He died at the Palace of Schoenbrunn on the 22d of July.

ELECTIONEERING REFORM.—The electioneering campaign has opened with warmth and vigor. Both sides are fairly striving, the one to keep, the other to gain, the victory. Though our editorial station be on the fence, it is amusing—nay, interesting—to look on, and witness the struggles of the combatants. We have our preferences too—but we are not going to run the hazard of offending you, gentle reader, by naming them here.

But one thing we observe with pleasure, in the present campaign, namely, that there is a very considerable improvement in the mode of electioneering, compared with some previous political contests. We allude particularly to the cessation of warfare on private character, a warfare which has deeply disgraced some of the former campaigns. Instead of lagging before the nation the family affairs of the candidates for office, it seems agreed on both sides, as it were by common consent, to confine themselves to the public acts and to the intellectual and moral fitness of the candidates themselves. We rejoice at this reform. Editors indeed still tear and worry one another; but that is their own look out; besides, they should be allowed to be the best judges of one another's deserts. But as long as they keep their fangs from the private character and domestic concerns of those whose misfortune it is to be supported for office, they deserve to be encouraged, however much they vex and torment one another.

HOT CARES WITHOUT A BLESSING.—A certain devout man, in this city, is in the habit (as every devout man should be) of saying grace before meat. But what is particularly worthy of notice, is, that the length of the exercise is usually in the inverse proportion to the excellence of the dish. Thus—If it be cold pork and potatoes, the grace is made nearly half an hour long. If it be a beef-steak fried with onions, the grace is shortened very considerably. If it be a boiled chicken, served up with oyster-sauce, then the exercise undergoes a still further reduction. In fact, when dishes of a very tempting nature are before him, he scarcely says grace at all; and when he has hot cakes of a morning, he omits it entirely.

Now, if we were to philosophize on this procedure, what should we say? That he deems the cold dishes will not get colder by standing? Or that the worse dishes require the larger grace to make them go down well? And that the better ones are good enough with-

little or no blessing? Or how else shall we account for so great a diversity in the same man's grace before meat?

A CLERICAL REBUKE.—The Rev. Dr. C—, of Massachusetts, once gave a very characteristic rebuke to a certain lady belonging to his flock, who was a little more nice than wise. She was in the habit, as many other very nice people are, of complaining, whenever any body entered her house, of its being dirty, and not fit to be seen, and all that, when she knew well enough it was in the most perfect order. She might perhaps be fishing for a compliment; but those who angle for perch, sometimes chance to catch a crab.

Hearing some person knock, one day, and perceiving by a glance through the window, that it was the Rev. Doctor, she cried out, "Come in, if you can get in on account of the dirt."

"I'll try and *scalp* through," said the parson, as he opened the door, and deliberately walked across the room, lifting his feet very high, like one travelling in a deep mud. The nice lady blushed and fidgeted; but never again lured a syllable to the Doctor about her house being dirty.

EDITORIAL SCALPING.—The editor, *pro tem*, of the Galenian, says—"We have heard from a number of gentlemen who were in the late battle with the Indians, that the editor of this paper was fortunate enough to kill and scalp two Indians." *Fortunate enough, quotha!* This, we take it, must be downright slander. The editor *pro tem* must surely have a grudge against the real editor, and thus takes advantage of his absence, to wing a shaft against him with his own quill. What, an editor engage in scalping? and even without the provocation of opposition in politics? Impossible. If he had been accused of taking a ship from the port of a brother editor, we should not have so much marvelled at it; though the humane and gentlemanly editors in this quarter do little more than to scratch and blanch one another.

LANGUAGE OF THE PESTLE AND MORTAR.—That wicked satirist, Dr. Wolcott—alias Peter Pindar, who, not having the fear of Roubilly before his eyes, dared even to write irreverently of his Majesty George the Third, sent the apple dumplings and other laughable matters, used frequently to relate, that when a young man, and engaged in his uncle's laboratory, his fancy imputed a language to the mortars, at which it was his daily task to labor—"Whenever," says he, "I was using the large marble one, I thought it repeated the words, *Linger-ten-long! linger-ten-long!* But when the little brass one was rung upon, by the pestle, it cried, *Kill-ten-quick! kill-ten-quick! kill-ten-quick!*"

PROMT!—A London paper gives an account of a young man, by the name of *Riches*, who prosecuted a Mrs. Pugh and her husband for a breach of marriage promise, made by the former. Mr. Riches, notwithstanding his name, was not rich; and he had very prudently counted the Widow Redall (the former name of Mrs. Pugh) in hopes of enriching his fortune. The rich widow Redall was 44, while the poor Mr. Riches was only 27. The courtship went on swimmingly for some time; but all at once the widow Redall changed her mind. She broke her promise to Mr. Riches, and gave her hand to a swain of 76, whom she accidentally met in a stage coach. The damages were laid at *fifteen hundred pounds*, and the jury (O heartless!) returned a verdict of *one farthing*.

NEW UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER.—A work by this title will be published, during the present month, by James Conner of this city. It is compiled by EDWIN WHILLANS, author of the New York Annual Register; a gentleman of great accuracy in relation to geographical and statistical matters. Besides the latest accounts, collected from the most authentic sources, the Gazetteer will contain the last census, not only of the United States, but also of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. From what we have seen of the work, and from what we know of the author's capacity for the undertaking, we have reason to expect a publication of great value.

We subjoin an extract from the account of

HAYTI.—"A notice of the history of Hayti is deemed important before giving a view of the present government and state of the country. The first European colony was established here by Columbus, on his first voyage, in 1492, at the Bay of St. Nicholas, being the first European settlement made in America. He formed a second town at Isabella, in 1493. In 1493, his brother Bartholomew removed the colony to the south side of the island, and founded the city of St. Domingo. The Spaniards compelled the natives to labor at the mines and on the plantations; but these miserable Indians soon dwindled away under an accumulation of hardships, and became nearly ex-

inct in less than a century. During the 17th century the French obtained possession of the west end of the island—African slaves were introduced, and the cultivation of the sugar-cane renewed. From the middle to the close of the 18th century, the French colony was very prosperous, and the commerce flourishing. But an insurrection of the blacks broke out in the French colony, in 1791, which finally assumed the character of an organized revolution, and the white inhabitants were either slaughtered indiscriminately, or compelled to escape from the island. The most celebrated negro chiefs, during the sanguinary contest from 1791 to 1798, were Macaya, Toussaint Louverture, and Rigaud. The English made an attempt to take the island, but were compelled to abandon it, after great losses of men, in 1798. Hayti was declared independent, in 1801. Bonaparte, First Consul of France, sent an army of 20,000 men to the island, in 1801. Toussaint was taken prisoner and carried to France, where he died, in 1804.

Desalines, a black chief, then took command of the Haytian forces. The remainder of the French army, having been reduced by disease and the sword, surrendered to an English squadron, in 1803. In 1811, the chiefs renounced all dependence on France, and appointed Desalines governor for life, who afterward assumed the title of Jacques I. Emperor of Hayti. After a short reign he fell a victim to a conspiracy, in 1806. One of his chiefs, Christophe, assumed the administration immediately after his death; but his authority was disputed by Pétion, another chief, and a war commenced between the two competitors. Finally, the latter was defeated, in 1807, and Christophe was appointed chief magistrate for life. In 1811 he took the title of king, under the name of Henry I., establishing a hereditary monarchy. The French part of the island remained, from 1810 to 1820, under the two rival governments of Christophe and Pétion. The former held the north part, and the latter established a republic in the south. Pétion was a mulatto, and a wise and virtuous chief. He was elected president for life, which office he continued to hold until his death, in 1818, when he was succeeded by Boyer as president. Christophe was a black of considerable talent, and was born a slave, in 1757, in either the island of Grenada or St. Christopher. (It is not certain which.) He distinguished himself in the early part of the Haytian revolution by his boldness, decision, and activity in the cause of the blacks. His government was a military despotism, and his name stands conspicuous in the annals of avarice and cruelty. He reigned with great pomp; imitating the style of European sovereigns in many respects, taking Napoleon for his principal model. In 1823, an insurrection broke out among a part of his troops, who, being assisted by Boyer, declared the abolition of royalty, and Christophe shot himself to avoid falling into their hands, October, 1823. His widow and daughter were collected by Boyer, and retired to Europe with a large fortune. The Spanish colony, in the east part of the island, placed themselves under the government of Boyer, in 1821, who has thus become president of the whole island. In 1825, Charles X., king of France, acknowledged the independence of Hayti, in consideration of a stipulation on the part of Boyer to pay to France 150,000,000 francs, as an indemnity to the former colonists for the loss of their property.

The present form of government is republican; the president, who exercises the executive power, commands the forces, and appoints all officers, is elected for life by the senate. He receives an annual salary of \$20,000. The legislature consists of a Senate and House of Representatives. The former is composed of 24 members, who are chosen for nine years by the representatives, from a list presented by the president. The House of Representatives are elected by the people, once in five years, and consists of one from each commune, three from Port au Prince, and two for the chief town of each department. The code of laws is similar to the French, embracing trial by jury. The island is divided into 6 departments, subdivided into 68 communes, and 33 parishes. The principal towns are Port au Prince, (or Port Republic), the capital; Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, and Jacmel. The French language is generally spoken, being used by the government and the people, except in the eastern part, where Spanish is spoken. In 1824, the population of the island was 553,535; nearly all blacks and mulattoes; the regular troops, 10,000; the militia, 115,000. The revenue was \$1,000,000.

Under the mild and enlightened administration of President Boyer, Hayti has continued to prosper. The manners of the people have been greatly improved since they have established their freedom, and they now present the interesting spectacle of a nation of freemen who have shaken off a most degrading slavery, and shown to the world the capability of Africans for self-government.

The education of the people has received much at-

tention from the government. A college is established at Cape Haytien, and schools in all parts of the island. The Catholic is the established religion, but all sects are tolerated.

RAILROAD JOURNAL.—A valuable weekly paper, by this title, has been published in this city for some months past, by J. K. Minor. We perceive by the last number that an addition has been made to its title, viz.—“And Advocate of Internal Improvements.” It is not confined, as the original title would seem to indicate, exclusively to Railroads; but its object is the improvement of internal communication, whether by Railroads, Canals, McAdam Roads, or Steam-Carriages upon common roads. It is the only paper of the kind published. The form is quarto, and it is therefore convenient for binding, and preserving for future reference. The price is three dollars in advance.

TRUE AS THE BOOK.—The Boston Transcript, with no less truth than pathos, thus saith—“PRINTERS cannot live upon air, although they eschew water-melons, cucumbers, paving stones, birch bark, and all similar ailment. They cannot print for nothing and find themselves; if they did, their friends would soon find them under the care of Doctor Badlam, in the Poor Debtor's Hospital. Competition has already reduced them so near to the starving point, that there is no fun in it.” Not a bit! will respond every printer.

REMOTE CAUSE OF CHOLERA.—Physicians mostly agree in ascribing the remote cause of Cholera to a something unknown in the atmosphere—to a something which is not discoverable by any of the senses, and has not been detected by any chemical analysis. Dr. WATKINSON, speaking of this subject, says:—“When I see vain man attempting to change for the better, the state, condition, or, if you please, constitution of the atmosphere, by playing with *chlo-ride*, or *vinegar*, it seems like a child with a tea-spoon of honey and a tea-spoon, attempting to sweeten the bitter salt ocean.”

TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.—Dr. Francis, of this city, has published a short account of the Cholera, wherein he says, The *Campbell Treatment* is the wrestling of a pigmy with a giant. In relation to the injection of the veins with the saline solution, he says—“Of about forty-two subjects, in which our practitioners have had recourse to this method of cure, four only, as far as I can learn, have been thereby saved.”

DOCTOR IVINGS.—Harvard University has recently conferred on our distinguished countryman and fellow citizen, Washington Irving, the Honorary Degree of LL.D. Query, Will the title of doctor add splendor to the reputation of the author of *Knickerbocker* and *The Sketch Book*?

THEATRICAL.—James Wallack is now here, and is playing at the Park. Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble have arrived.

Mr. JACOB WOODHULL, late Stage manager at Richmond Hill, and long known to the public as a useful actor, died of the Cholera on Saturday last.

With the present number of the Constellation, ceases the editorship of the subscriber.

A. GREENE.

EXCHANGES.—We are months since notified these of our contemporaries who might wish our journal, that it should be forwarded one year on receipt of two dollars, postage paid, and the insertion of a short circular once in six months,—and now renew the offer, in consequence of the repeated requests to us for “Exchange,” which, on account of the extended list we now have, we cannot reasonably be expected to comply with, unless we can derive some advantage thereby. It is also necessary, for the reasons above stated, to curtail our present *exchange list*—and those who do not receive our next paper will understand the cause. We do this with regret, but, as will be seen, with good reason.

THE DAYS OF ROMANCE.

“A TRUE STORY.”

“They tell us that the days of chivalry are gone, and I confess I am not sorry for it. It must have been a dreadful bore to be obliged to wear a coat and waistcoat weighing a couple of hundred weight, and made, not by Stultz or Noget, but by some abominable black smith, and were to be fastened on, whenever you went out on a party of pleasure, by your *valet de chambre*, with a sledge-hammer. The looking of yourself also into a perpetual Tom and Jerry must have been an inconsiderable nuisance; and the ebb of the time was decidedly execrable. For these and many other reasons, I rejoice over the decline and fall of knight-errantry, and all that appertained thereto.

They tell us also that the day of romance is over. I doubt. Those things which to us, at a distance from

them, appeared romantic, were no doubt considered by those who saw them near at hand, as common-place as our every-day transactions now seem to us. Distance acts upon human affairs as it does upon clouds—it tinges them with bright and brilliant hues which are not their own. There is just as much romance this moment in the world, as there was when poets imagined it wholly peopled by mild Arcadians, nightly nodding o'er their flocks; and things occur in every day life just as strange as what we see in novels, and very often much stranger. For example:

“Married on the 1st of July 1831, Sir Orlando Mountain, Bart., to Miss Ledger, only daughter and heiress of the late Ebenezer Ledger, Esq. of Liverpool.” “The first of July eighteen hundred and thirty-one—thirty-one!” Why this is the twentieth of June eighteen hundred and thirty-two. It is very odd that this marriage should not have been announced before.

“Or else, lady Mary, that it should be announced now!”

“There must be something queer in the business, I am sure.”

“Very probably; perhaps some necessity exists for now making it public.”

“If there was a marriage at all!”

“Oh do!” said the Mrs. Candour of the party; “it is not fair nor indeed Christian-like, to say such things. To be sure, when Lord—”

But we shall cut the worthy lady short in the middle of a tirade of all the scandal she had heard for the last fifty years, which she wound up by saying, “That she was sure—at least she hoped—that the case of the Mountains was nothing of that sort, but that out of a due regard for one's own character, Lady M. should not be visited until the matter was satisfactorily explained.”

Kind, dear Mrs. Candour, in what company are you not to be found?

The true story is this:—Old Ledger made an immense sum of money, a quarter of a million, I believe, by those arts which have always been most unintelligible to me—out of nothing at all. In early life he had been under considerable obligations to Sir Orlando's father, and with a gratitude which it is a pity to say is most unusual, the wealthy merchant acknowledged the favors conferred upon the struggling beginner. He married late in life, and the only issue of his marriage was a daughter, who may now be about seventeen. Her, of course, he educated with much cost and pains, and when he died last year, she was at a celebrated boarding school near Bath.

When the old man—by the bye, he was not so very old, only sixty-five—felt his death approaching, he sent for the son of his old friend and patron, who attended at once. Sir Orlando had scarcely left up any acquaintance with Ledger, his pursuits lying quite in a different line.

“I have sent for you, Sir Orlando,” said the dying man, “on a most important matter. I am dying—I know it—and the only thing that makes me anxious on my death bed is, that I have an only daughter unprotected. I have no relation on the face of the earth—none whatever. There is nobody to care about my daughter, and her money will expose her to be made a prey for all rascals—worthless fellows, Sir Orlando—follows without a shilling, whose bills—”

“And what can I do,” said Sir Orlando; “I fear that I am not precisely of the age to take upon myself the office of guardian to a young lady, nor is it at all in my way.”

Sir Orlando looked at his dandy-dress, and then into the glass. The first glance told him that he was not in the costume of a guardian, as represented generally on the stage and elsewhere; and the second assured him that he was a good looking fellow, of some eight-and-twenty. No, thought Sir Orlando, the old buck must look elsewhere.

“I had no idea,” said Ledger, “of proposing that you should be Eliza's guardian. I meant to ask you to be—” (here he coughed.)

“To be what, my dear Sir,” hastily observed Sir Orlando—“Anything you desire?”

“Her husband,” said the old man.

“Her husband?” said Sir Orlando, jumping off his chair. “Why, ——— it—I beg your pardon—I have never seen the girl—the young lady—in my life!”

“You, therefore, cannot have any prejudice against her?”

“Why, no—but that is but a negative recommendation, after all. The fact is, my dear Sir, I am not a marrying man.”

“Pooh!” said Ledger, “that is nonsense—every young man is a marrying man, more or less. You will make me happy if you consent. There is her picture, drawn six months ago, when she was in London, by Chalon—and it is a great likeness.”

The eyes of the old fellow filled with tears as he handed the picture to Sir Orlando—and he watched his features with great attention.

“A pretty girl,” said the Baronet—“a pug-nosed mix, with fair hair, which I hate—a boarding-school Miss, smelling, no doubt, of bread and butter,” thought the Baronet.

But what was he to do? The heart of the old man was evidently set on the match, and how could he refuse him? He had recourse to the usual artifice on such occasions—procrastination.

“I must see the young lady positively,” said he, “before I answer. It is a queer proposal on my honor. I feel flattered excessively, but—”

“You don't like to buy a pig in a poke, you were about to say,” observed the old merchant.

“Pardon me,” said Sir Orlando, “I was not going to say any such thing—I do not deal in such odious comparisons—but I think it only fair to the young lady herself that she should have the right of refusing.”

“Fish, Sir Orlando,” responded the old gentleman, “how can you talk such nonsense. Girls at her age ought not to have any right. What do they know about such matters. You shall see her the day after to-morrow.”

This is an odd affair, thought Sir Orlando, after he left the sick man's room. But it is too absurd. I must leave town this very evening, and excuse myself in a note for not marrying, a *l'improvisiste*, a snub-nosed school-girl whom I never saw, daughter of an old tobaccoist, or some such thing, and whose recommendation it is that she knows nothing about such matters, and is ready to marry as per contract, without further enquiry.

In this mood he met his man of business, who happened to be the agent of old Ledger also.

“Old Ledger,” said the Baronet, “is dying, and I think his reason is somewhat gone.”

“Not a bit of it,” replied the man of law, “his intellect is perfectly clear. I drew up his will this very morning—he is in as sound sense as ever. A devilish snug thing he leaves behind.”

“How much?”

“Two hundred thousand would not cover it—but must not tell professional secrets.”

“Are there many legacies?”

“How could there be?—his daughter is the only relative in the world. His will does not take up five leaves—but, as I said before, must not tell professional secrets.”

“Ha! thought Sir Orlando. “What kind of a girl is the daughter? Have you seen her?”

“God bless you, I have known her since she was the height of ‘Viner's Abridgement.’ Not pretty—interesting, though—well educated, and all that, but Sir Orlando, she'll be a catch by and by—too young yet. However, as I said before, must not tell professional secrets.”

I think I may as well see this girl, was Sir Orlando's first cogitation. There certainly was a *curiosity* in her picture that was very engaging.

He saw her accordingly. A neat, good humored, artless girl, and pretty enough. She had always been told that she was to be Sir Orlando's wife, and saw nothing in him to render her lot particularly unpleasant. He saw a great many charms in her of which he had been unconscious when the old gentleman originally proposed the match; and married they were accordingly, before his death, which occurred a few hours after the ceremony. They thought it not quite correct to publish the match until the old gentleman was “laid in his grave,” as the phrase is,—and hence the mystery which puzzled the tea-table.

Greatly am I mistaken if the match will not be a happy one!”

“Get money; honestly, if you can;—but get money,” Yankee proverb.

It has been remarked by philosophers, that *Yankees*, (the term is synonymous with Americans,) pursue riches with more avidity than any other race of people on earth. It was said by Christopher, the talented and desperate black desperado of Hayti, that if a bag of coffee was placed on the confines of the *infernal regions*, a yankee would never rest, till he had got possession of it. But the character of cherishing an insatiable thirst for wealth, although it may in itself be just, does not apply exclusively to our own countrymen.

Unprincipled beings may be found among all nations, who will be induced by the hope of gain to pursue with greed, the most disgusting employments—employments, which are revolting and degrading to human nature. And how many thousands, my millions of human beings, not only ruin their very subsistence from, but fatten on the miseries of others.

During the great Plague which raged in Bas-sora in the year 1773, when three hundred and seventy five thousand persons perished during the summer season through the violence of the distemper, an English gentleman who resided in Bas-sora at that time, preserved himself from infection, by retreating with his goods and merchandise to a mud house, where he carefully avoided any direct communication with the inhabitants. But not wishing to remain idle during the reign of the pestilence, and having a large quantity of Bengal cotton, he sold it to the people to wrap the dead in. The price he demanded, and it was proportioned to the distress of the miserable inhabitants, was put into a basket, which was hauled up to his ware-room, from which, after undergoing a certain disinfecting process, it was transferred to his vaults; and the basket was again lowered with the proportionate quantity of cloth. In the course of the summer he accumulated a handsome fortune by disposing in this manner of *seventy thousand winding sheets!*—*Essex News Letter.*

The Farmington (Me.) Yoman says, the town of Strong was visited by a *snow storm* on Saturday, the 25th of August.

A newspaper has been commenced at Monroe, La. under the name of the *New Moon!*

THE ACCIDENTAL HOMICIDE.

In the new novel, *Arlington*, the hero, Lord A. a young man, is about to lose his estate by the invalidation of his title. This result is obviated only by the extraordinary efforts and zeal of his Lordship's Attorney and particular friend, Mr. Holford. On tendering to him the acknowledgments which such a service seemed richly to claim, Lord A. was greatly astonished to be told that no remuneration would be accepted, no thanks were due; as the greatest injury ever done to Lord A. was done by him, in destroying the life of his Lordship's father. It had always been supposed that the elder Lord A. was murdered, and one individual had been tried for the crime, and on hearing the present declarations from the lips of Mr. Holford, Lord A. supposed him suddenly deranged in his intellects. Not long after their separation the following statement by Mr. H. was placed in his hands:—

"Perhaps you will hardly have credited the testimony of your senses, and you may now believe either that you were under a delusion, or that I was mad when I made the horrible assertion that I was the destroyer of your father. Horrible, and almost incredible as the assertion may seem, it is true; and it is now my duty, as well as I am able, to apply myself to the almost overwhelming task of rendering you acquainted with the circumstances of that awful event."

On that dreadful day I was riding homeward, about dusk, along a broad road, which skirted a plantation belonging to your father, he was in the plantation, saw me, and called to me, and desired me to stop and dismount, and get over the fence to look at the growth of some young trees which he had planted and trained in a peculiar manner. I came over the fence, leaving my horse fastened on the other side. Both of us were without attendants. I looked at the trees, and then we talked of shooting; and he showed me his gun, of which the butt were of a new construction. I took it into my hands. I knew not to this moment how it happened, but while I was examining the gun, unthinking when way the muzzle was turned, it suddenly went off; and when I looked up through the smoke, Lord Arlington was lying a corpse at my feet.

My consternation, my agony, my grief, I will not attempt to describe. Words are unequal to the task. In speechless horror I bent over the body. It was stone dead. No motion—no pulsation—no single symptom which could convey the slightest hope of life. I cried, but my cry was weak, for I was almost choked by the agony of my feelings, and no one answered; and then I thought, to what purpose were it, if assistance should really come. The spirit of my friend had departed; and they could only help me to transport from that spot the lifeless clay.

Then, I knew not how, thoughts (would to heaven they had never entered) crept by degrees into my mind. A tempting fiend seemed to be near me, and to ask, "Should I, so popular, so esteemed, become at once an object of general detestation, as the careless destroyer of my best friend? And it seemed to tell me that none had seen, and none need know that the deed had been done by me: approaching darkness favoured my escape, and I need only fly and be silent. I yielded to the suggestion, and fear came over me, and I rushed from the body, seized the gun, threw it hastily into a thicket, returned over the fence, mounted my horse, and rode quickly homeward."

As I was living alone, there were none but my domestics from whom it was necessary to conceal my agitation. But by a violent effort, which the emergency made necessary, I succeeded in suppressing in their presence all outward demonstrations of what I felt. But oh! the agony of that time! and how I longed for the period when the loss I had sustained should, as must soon happen, be known to all, and I might freely indulge my grief.

I remember I contrived an errand, and sent a servant with an unimportant verbal message to Glentworth, in order that, if the dreadful discovery had taken place, I might receive by him the earliest tidings—I did receive them, and I repaired thither that night, to look once more upon the body of my benefactor, and to mingle my tears with those of other afflicted friends. Oh! what a guilty monster did I feel when I stood in the midst of them and felt that I was the accused cause of all the misery I saw around me; and there were moments when I longed to unburden a bursting heart, and tell them it was I that did it. But I reflected that it was now too late. My course was taken, and a tardy confession would make me, in the eyes of the country, scarcely better than a murderer. All would exclaim that only guilty feelings could have prompted the secrecy to which I had recourse; and I should have been rendered an outcast from society. "No," I exclaimed, and thought I was uttering an irrefragable truth, "my course is taken, and, since it is taken, by that I must abide."

Innumerable were the dreadful trials to which now every hour I was exposed. It cut me to the heart when the will of your father was opened, and I found that I—of all living beings, was ap-

pointed the guardian of your minority; yet there were moments when a better spirit came over me, and I thanked God that this means was afforded me of rendering some slight compensation, and of devoting myself to the service of a family which I had so deeply, though unintentionally injured. On my bended knees I vowed that to your service I would ever devote myself, even to the neglect of my own dearest interests; and I rose with a lightened heart as if I thought that some portion of the load of the sin of concealment had been removed by that vow.

But I knew not yet the consequences of what I had done, and the full misery that awaited me. The cry of "murder" was abroad; the verdict of the coroner's jury favoured the presumption—and at length I saw a fellow-creature, whom I knew to be innocent, whom one word of mine could release, dragged to the bar of justice, to be openly tried for the most atrocious crime that can be imputed to man. Judge, if it be possible, of my feelings then; not for all that the world can bestow would I consent to live again the few hours of that trial.

I had exerted myself in Clarkson's behalf, but in vain; the bill, in spite of my exertions, was not thrown out by the grand jury; and then was I doomed to sit and hear, clearly and slowly unfolded, the most extraordinary chain of circumstantial evidence, becoming every instant more dreadfully convincing, and apparently leading with incontestable precision (so fallible is the strength of human reason) to the false conclusion that Clarkson was the murderer. I became giddy, faint, almost insensible through the mental agonies which I endured. My agitation became apparent, but as was natural, it was attributed to other than the real cause. I was pressed to leave the court, but I dared not; for I had solemnly vowed, that even if I were reduced to occupy his agonising place, my soul should not be burdened with the blood of Clarkson; and that, if he were found guilty, I would save him. I feared, however, lest in that awful moment the power of utterance might desert me, and I had written a short confession, which I bore about me, and meant, if it were necessary, to deliver to the judge before he passed the dreadful sentence. How my feelings were revived when the foreman of the jury said "Not guilty!" I instantly brought out the written testimony against myself, and hastily drew forth the paper and swallowed it.

Your evidence on that trial I never can forget; nor can I forget the scowling expression of deadly malignity with which Clarkson viewed you as you gave it. I felt that, through me, an enemy was created, who would too probably neglect any opportunity of inflicting any injury upon you. Little could I then guess how great would be that injury with which he would threaten you; but I felt a presentiment that I should draw some calamity upon you through the enmity of that man.

Clarkson was acquitted, and in the first moments of thankfulness I felt as if I too were acquitted from the sin of having exposed him to the danger he had incurred, in the dreadful lottery of an fallible justice. But was it nothing, that while I could have prevented it, he had been exposed to the many miseries and humiliations which must precede and attend a trial? First, to be exposed before magistrates to a long and painful scrutiny—then imprisoned in a prison to await his trial—and then, with a ruined character, and amid the yell of an execrable crowd, to be taken to court to be tried for his life, and with that appalling sense of the uncertainty of the issue, which, admirable as is the conduct of our courts of justice, even innocence must necessarily feel? Then, although, in spite of the formidable strength of the evidence, he was, under the protection of a wise and discerning Judge, acquitted by a humanely scrupulous jury; yet he felt that he was not acquitted by the public—and he fled to America as though he were guilty; and who was the cause of his banishment but I? Do you remember how I told you that I was the cause of the claim upon your property? and do you not now see that it was true? Through me, was Clarkson placed in a situation where his enmity was excited against you; and through me was he driven to a country where he found the best means of accomplishing his design.

You asked if Clarkson was bribed to give his evidence on your side? He was: I found him suspicious of the good faith of the American, and of his disposition to reward him as handsomely as he had originally promised; and I took advantage of that suspicion, and offered him more tempting terms. I must promise that I had previously informed him, that his connexion with the American, and participation in the plot, had in America become known to me. He was bribed, and doubly. One was a bribe which the American could not offer; which no man living could offer but myself; the re-establishment of his character through my written confession; and this confession, and a deed concurring on him an annuity for life to an amount which I need not mention, were to be placed in his hands before he went into court.

You see that I am penning disclosures which

will, ere long be no secret. In a few days the whole kingdom may be told that Clarkson was innocent, and that your father fell by my hand. This was the heaviest price with which I bribed him. It is to me the price of life—for I feel that I shall not survive it. As for the money with which I bribed him, ample as the sum is, I regard it as little. You asked what you owed me for money expended on your account? I answered "Nothing"—and I say so still. Say that the money with which I bribed Clarkson was expended apparently for you—but do I owe that man nothing beyond the simple re-establishment of his character? Do I not rather owe him more than I can or ought to calculate, and more than money can ever repay? Who shall presume to calculate with accuracy the compensation that should suffice for loss of character and of country? Place in one scale infamy and banishment, and in the other whatever wealth you will, and see what very gross it seems, and how the heap will shrink almost to nothing before the eyes of those who have learned to value a happy home and an unblemished reputation as every good man ought to value them. No! all that I have given, and more, was due to Clarkson—and I repeat, "You owe me nothing."

I was led by a momentary weakness—by the want of moral courage, to commit the sin of concealment; let me now hold myself up as an example and a warning, and unveil to you my feelings, and tell you what concealment has profited me. Mine, dreadful as have been its consequences, was, I hope, an amiable ambition. It was to be popular, to be liked by all who knew me, and to obtain the reputation of a good neighbour, who was useful to every one, and delighted in doing good offices, and by whom none was ever injured. For the preservation of this reputation I suppressed an important truth.

Never be it forgotten, that he who conceals a truth that ought to be made known, may be no less culpable than the wilful promulgator of a falsehood. I sinned against the truth, and what was my reward? The popularity, the esteem, the praise which I once coveted, and which I prized more, I fear, than human praise ever should be prized—all these availed me nothing now; I had bought them dearly, and yet they had become valueless. They seemed a mockery, almost an insult. I could not help saying to myself, "But they but know?" and I felt as though I were a paltry deceiver, who tricked his friends out of their good will; and the more they seemed to like and to applaud me, the more I hated myself for it.

But the agony of that conscience laid upon my mind—the dreadful secret—how shall I describe it? It was a slow, constant, mental torture; and there is none more painfully oppressive than the ever-during weight of a guilty secret. It was ever before me, and I could not shake it off; and it seemed as if I could not breathe the air as freely as I was wont, because I was clogged with the necessity of perpetual caution. Yet, strange to say, I was tormented with the most ardent longing to reveal it. I can compare my feeling to nothing but the remarkable impulse which inspires persons dizzy with looking from a precipice, with an unaccountable desire to throw themselves down. Yet, even when this strange feeling was at its height, I knew it was impossible that I could indulge it. Other feelings, more powerful when called into action, must effectually prevent that step; and thus, like Tantalus, I might not slake my thirst in the stream that was before me.

Then came over me, by degrees, that miserable morbid feeling—sure offspring of guilt, the feeling of suspicion—the suspicion of being suspected. The natural openness and sociable friendliness of my disposition were gone—I withdrew myself more and more from society—my spirits sunk—I felt fit only for solitude—yet, there, what thoughts had I to cheer me? The deadly secret had entered into my mind, and the body followed in decay. You have heard of one who died from the delusion that he was haunted by an imaginary spectre. I see no fancied figure haunting me, unless when the lifeless form of your beloved father is present to my mind's eye as I saw him on that fatal evening. But though no figure haunts me, there is a thought, no offspring of delusion, which has been ever haunting me like a fiend's whisper, and reminding me of my secret—and that—that has brought me to my grave. I feel that I have not long to live. The excitement through which I have lately passed was to me a welcome relief; for it prevented my mind from preying on itself. But the excitement is gone, and I now feel that my powers were more feeble than I believed.

I must take my leave, and let these be among my last words—cultivate that moral courage, the want of which has been my bane. What years of incalculable misery should I have been spared, if I had dared to endure the acknowledgment that I was the cause, though the innocent cause, of a dreadful event! This is the last communication which, by word or writing, must ever pass between us. May God for ever bless you, my dear Lord Arlington, my once dear ward! My heart is too full. I can only add Farewell!

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

From a publication made by the Board of Health, a few days since, on the subject of the Cholera, as it appeared in this city, we copy the following. They are a series of questions proposed to the Board to the Special Medical Council, with the answers, and may be taken as the best opinions which the experience of the last two melancholy months has enabled our medical men to form in the matter.—*Atlas*.

Question I.—Are there, in all cases, and without any exceptions, premonitory or warning symptoms of the approach or danger of Malignant Cholera: if there be exceptions, what proportion do such exceptions bear to a given number?

Answer.—There are almost universally, symptoms premonitory of the attack of Cholera. The number of exceptions is exceedingly small. The actual proportion the exceptions bear to the whole number, cannot be ascertained; but it is probable that in forty nine cases out of fifty, some premonitory symptoms do occur.

Question II.—What are the different premonitory or warning symptoms of the approach or danger of Malignant Cholera; and what symptoms are the most marked and usual? Specify such symptoms in the ordinary common terms, as well as in terms which are technical or professional.

Answer.—The most marked and universal symptoms premonitory of the approach of cholera, is diarrhoea, or a loose and relaxed state of the bowels, attended with frequent loose or watery discharges. These discharges are sometimes of an unhealthy character, as of a black color, or like dirty water, when they involve a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as well as the bowels, or they may arise from simple irritation, or increase of the natural action of the bowels. In the latter case, the discharges are purely thin or liquid, but otherwise of a healthy character. The first is the severest form of the two. In other cases, the premonition consists merely of slight pain or uneasiness of the bowels, with discharges of wind.

Question III.—If during the premonitory or warning stages of Malignant Cholera, a physician acquainted with its action upon the human frame, be called to the patient, what proportion of a given number of persons of ordinary constitutions, can, by known and certain methodical means, be secured against death by the threatened attack?

Answer.—If proper medical advice were taken, and judicious application of medicine made upon the first slight appearance of disorder of the stomach and bowels, twenty-five persons in a hundred of temperate habits and ordinarily good constitutions, would be saved from the attack of malignant cholera. That is to say, the number of deaths from cholera, if the disease were uniformly prescribed for in the stage of diarrhoea, would be exceedingly small.

Question IV.—What proportion of cases of neglected Diarrhoea have terminated in Malignant Cholera during the present season? and what proportion of those were intemperate?

Answer.—A very large proportion. Among the intemperate, the proportion is believed to have been the greatest.

Question V.—What measures in the judgment of the Special Medical Council, are the best to guard against the attack of Malignant Cholera? Specify them especially as relates to diet, temperance, clothing, sleeping, labour, exercise, exposure, and the like, to the end that the same may be laid before our fellow citizens, for their government, and the safety of themselves and their families.

Answer.—The following measures or rules appear to your Council, to be the most important to be observed, in order to prevent an attack of the cholera.

In regard to Diet.—The diet should be simple, and consist of food which is both nutritious and easy of digestion. In quantity there should be no excess; in quality, it should be that which gives the greatest strength, with the least fatigue to the digestive organs. It is also important to be remarked, that too great abstinence is as dangerous as any form of excess; and that the diet should be better and not more sparing than usual.

The most nutritious and digestible articles are beef, mutton, or chicken, plainly cooked; eggs slightly cooked, bread made of wheaten flour, mealy potatoes and rice. We fear that this list could not be much extended, without introducing articles that would be found less wholesome.

Among articles wholesome in any common season, but found to predispose to attacks of cholera in this city, are all common green garden vegetables and fruits. There can scarcely a vegetable be named, that will not be found among those which have been reported to your honourable Board as having been the cause of cholera. Beans, peas, peaches, whortleberries, raspberries, cucumbers, cabbage, puddings containing raisins, and pies made of fruit have each been specified as the exciting cause of cholera, in a greater or less number of cases.

In regard to temperance, we can only say, that the slightest excess at this time, either in eating or drinking, appears from much experience, to be attended with great danger.

The clothing should be warm; it should be so regulated as to prevent the danger of a chill, and at the same time not to exhaust the system by excessive perspiration. The covering should be particularly warm about the bowels, and worn next the skin.

The regular hours of sleep should be, as far as practicable, observed; and the body should, by no means

be exposed, during sleep, to a draught of night air.—Labour and exercise should be moderate, and taken, as far as possible, neither in the heat of the day nor in the night air—nor should any fatiguing or exhausting labour be performed when the stomach is empty.

A state of debility, arising either from excess or inanition, want of rest or anxiety, is especially prone to invite an attack of the disease. It is therefore in the highest degree important that all nurses or other persons, who watch with or attend the sick, especially if at houses where the disease has occurred, should guard themselves against this unavoidable exposure, by not suffering their stomachs to become empty, and their strength to be thus exhausted. It is also of course evident, that grief, anxiety, and all depressing passions, must operate upon the empty and exhausted system with redoubled force.

In regard to intemperance, it is now universally known that Cholera has a most peculiar affinity for the system of a drunkard; so much so, that it is a very rare thing for the temperate and uniformly prudent to be attacked.

Question VI.—What measures, in the judgment of the Special Medical Council, ought to be taken by our fellow-citizens, who are absent from their homes, to purify and render healthy, their dwellings, before their families return?

Answer.—The measures necessary to be taken by those returning to houses that have been for sometime closed, are few and simple.

Let every door and window be thrown open, and kept open through the day. Let small fires be made in all rooms that are occupied at night. Let all wood work be thoroughly scoured, and walls whitewashed. In three days it will be safe to occupy the house, if in a healthy situation. If the house be old or dirty, or in a sickly neighbourhood, or if there have been sickness or death in it, previously to using the above precautions, let it be filled with chlorine gas, or frequently sprinkled with the disinfecting solutions which are every where to be had. Let this process be continued for three days, the house being closed if chlorine be used, and the floors sprinkled several times daily if the liquids be used.

Let all privies and out houses be also most carefully cleaned and purified, either with lime, chloride of lime, or strong ley.

With the use of these precautions, your Council believe there is no danger in occupying any house, however long it may have been closed.

Lastly.—If the whole body of the people could be swayed by a great moral principle, and scrupulously and rigidly observe all the means of protecting life, can Malignant Cholera, like the small pox, by human means, those means, of course, directed by Providence, be driven from our city?

The Board of Health is aware of the delicacy and difficulty involved in their last question. The Special Medical Council have had but a short period to watch the movements, or to examine the nature of this hitherto, with us, unknown disease. The Board of Health therefore submits to their Special Medical Council, the question, but leaves it entirely to them, how far they can, at this time, discreetly return an answer thereto.

Answer.—The grand result embraced in this question, involves, we fear, several impossibilities, for the mass of mankind are, and there is great reason to fear, ever will be, insensible to the operation of great moral principles.

As the attacks of Cholera are brought on for the most part by incurable follies and imprudence, we despair of expelling it from our city, while the present predisposition to that disease exists.

Still there is no reason to doubt, that among the decent and orderly portion of the community, an exemption from an attack of Cholera may be obtained in a great degree, by a strict and prudent attention to the rules above laid down.

Question I. Whether the Malignant Cholera, as it now exists in the city of New-York, can be prevented by sanitary or Quarantine regulations?

From the limited period during which we have had an opportunity of acquiring from our own observation, a knowledge of the laws which govern the Malignant Cholera, we are reluctant to express an opinion upon this subject. But inasmuch as that duty is enjoined upon us, we beg leave to say, that many statements, apparently entitled to credit, have been made, which go to show that the disease is transmissible from one place to another, by persons affected with it. Until these facts can be thoroughly investigated, the Council are unwilling to put forth an opinion which would be at variance with the great weight of medical authority on the subject; at the same time we feel bound to declare our conviction, that no Quarantine regulations, hitherto employed or known to us, have been, or, we fear, are likely to be effectual in excluding the Malignant Cholera, from any populous town or village on this continent.

Question II. When it comes, what are the best means to mitigate its malignancy?

On the part of the authorities, the strictest attention should be given to the removal of all the common causes of disease; all local sources of impure exhalations, such as privies, sinks, sewers, pools of water, should be cleansed; the dwellings of the poor should be thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed; they should be prevented from congregating in large numbers; and crowded houses should be emptied, and the inhab-

itants placed in clean and airy situations; the sick should at once be removed to large and airy hospitals.

On the part of private individuals, the mode of life should be strictly temperate, and no excess should be indulged in.

The food should be nutritious, simple and easy of digestion, and in sufficient quantities to preserve a healthful vigor; any article of diet that is known to be easily susceptible of fermentation in the stomach or bowels, should be scrupulously avoided; so readily is the digestive process disturbed during the epidemic prevalence of Malignant Cholera, that with us, no fruits or any other than simply farinaceous vegetables can be eaten with safety.

The destructive tendency of the disease may be further mitigated, by the early discovery and judicious treatment of such symptoms as are known to precede it, and give warning of its approach. These vary in degree, but all evince more or less disorder in the digestive organs. The milder forms of these premonitory symptoms are merely an uneasiness or pain in the bowels, accompanied sometimes with slight cramps, or dizziness; but a looseness of the bowels or diarrhoea is by far more common, and an almost invariable precursor of the disease itself. It has been found with us, that this diarrhoea is successfully treated by purgatives, and especially by calomel; and that it cannot be neglected without imminent danger—if neglected, the Cholera is its usual sequela.

Question III. When it comes, what are the best means to protect life against its attack?

The disease is characterized by vomiting and purging of a fluid almost colourless and odorless, together with cramps or spasms of the extremities—the strength of the patient is rapidly exhausted—a failure of the natural heat of the body, and of the circulation of the blood soon occurs, constituting the dangerous stage of collapse. A striking feature in the character of this disease, is a complete suspension of many of the secretions, especially of bile and urine.

It is in the first place important to allay the vomiting and spasms of the stomach. If the subject be of a constitution not enfeebled by previous disease, or habitual intemperance, and the pulse is in a condition to admit of it, general blood letting is found to mitigate the spasms and render the system more susceptible to the action of the grand remedy, mercury. A large dose of Calomel, alone or combined with two grains of opium, if the cramps be distressing, with the application of a large sinapism over the region of the stomach, relieves vomiting, and, especially after blood letting, sometimes arrests the disease. Effervescing draughts, small portions of ice chewed and swallowed, or minute doses of tincture of camphor quiet the stomach. The dose of Calomel should be repeated at intervals of one, two, or three hours, until the colourless evacuations assume a dark or bilious hue. In the interim, if the pulse become very feeble, or the extremities cold, with a sunken aspect of the eye, frictions with rubefacients, should be employed to allay the cramps, and means of preserving the heat of the extremities should be employed; for which purpose bags of hot sand answer the best purpose, dry heat being found preferable to its combination with moisture. If the skin be covered with copious clammy perspiration, hot powdered chalk should be well rubbed over the body. If the pulse become feeble or the extremities cold, indicating the approach of the state of collapse, much benefit has been derived from rubbing the whole body, especially the extremities, with an ointment composed of two parts of strong mercurial ointment, with one of finely powdered camphor, and the same quantity of Cayenne pepper.

The internal use of calomel is combined with this external medication, and when the mouth becomes sore or the discharge bilious, from the operation of mercury, the patient is comparatively safe. Hot injections of brandy and water, in large quantities and frequently repeated, are also important means of preventing the collapse.

This active treatment frequently restores the circulation and the lost heat of the body, and reaction follows. Frequently, but most rarely under the mercurial treatment, secondary fever succeeds. This is characterised by determinations of blood to some important organ, as the brain, the lungs, or the liver, and is successfully treated by bleeding, general or local, according to the indications of the case; by purgatives, and small doses of nauseating medicines.

Question IV.—What regulations, especially in warm climates, should be adopted in relation to the dead?

In general, putrefaction occurs more slowly after death from this than from other diseases. There need therefore be no precipitation in the burial of the dead, and sufficient time may safely intervene to make the death unquestionable. The apartments of the dead should be purified by the extrication of chlorine gas, but more especially by thorough ventilation; and the floors should be washed with ley.

The corpse should be covered with a cloth wet with a solution of chloride of lime.

ALEX. H. STEVENS, President.
JOS. BAYLEY,
W. J. MACNEVEN,
J. JO. NELSON,
GILBERT SMITH,
H. McLEAN,
R. K. HOFMAN,
ANTH. L. ANDERSON.

At the annual commencement of Amherst College, Mass. on the 23d ult. the degree of A.B. was conferred on 38 young gentlemen.

THE CHOLERA.

From the Atlas.

A general account of the present state of the Cholera in the United States, and the adjacent provinces where it first made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic, is contained in our subsequent columns. To what is there stated we have little to add. The accounts received yesterday from Montreal and Quebec were more cheering from both places. Although we are quite ignorant of the influence of climate and temperature in modifying the disease, we may mention that the letters conveying this satisfactory intelligence announce that the weather was then very cold. The great and sudden change of temperature by which in several places to the north and east frost and even snow were produced on the 26th of August, must have been noticed by every reader not too remotely south of us. This great change, if it had no favourable operation—which could not reasonably be looked for, does not appear any where to have aggravated the rapidly. Perhaps, however, our data are as yet too limited to authorise a conclusion. Our advices from Upper Canada show no marked alteration in the state of the prevailing disease in that quarter. A few places before unvisited have been reached by it, and it yet rages violently in York, the capital of the Province. The aspect of the accounts from most of the towns and villages where it has existed seems more encouraging. With regard to the United States we find no occasion to vary the general remarks already made. At Utica, the latest place of much population in this state where the malady made its irruption, it has very much diminished the number of its victims. At Albany the report of Aug. 30th shows but 5 cases and 3 deaths; at Philadelphia on the same day were announced 20 cases and 3 deaths; and at Baltimore the deaths on the 29th were 15. Several cases and deaths by Cholera have occurred among the troops and others at Fortress Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va. In this city the reports of the Board of Health have been suspended. Up to the latest period they showed a continued diminution of the disease. We are sensible that many reasons may be assigned for discontinuing the daily reports—but none of them appear to us of so much weight as those which might be urged in favour of their continuance. If care and precaution be still requisite to preserve the population from Cholera, is it probable that the same attention will be given to these preventive measures when by the silence of the Board of Health they are agreeably deluded into the belief that the malady is extinct? Do we not even now see in the accumulation of fruits at every corner, and in various other ways, the indications of this result? Again, will not those who are absent be distressed with suspicions or alarmed with exaggerated rumours as to the state of things in town? If the disease prevails badly, every one conceals that the fact should officially be made known. If it be light, certainly no intelligence can be so agreeable, or have so favourable an influence on both residents and those absent. We hope we shall be in error, but our fear is that the consequences of a suspension of the daily report will not be desirable, and that the succeeding two or three weeks will not show a decline of mortality corresponding with the past. If the statements were reported daily it would answer most of the ends for which the reports of the Board of Health are valuable.

We here subjoin the principal facts referred to.

The Cholera reports since our last publication show a decrease of the malady in the country, altho some new places have been visited in this time. We do not find that it has yet extended further south than Elizabeth City, N. C. and there is no sufficient evidence of its having appeared at any other place in that state. At Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. it is declining. It does not appear to have reached any other place in that state except Suffolk. At Washington City, the only place in the District of Columbia where we hear of it, the reports are—Aug. 23d, 5 c. 2 d.; 24th, 2 c. 1 d.; 25th, find no report; 26th, 9 c. 6 d.; 27th, 2 c. 1 d.; 28th, 4 c. 2 d. At Baltimore, only the deaths are reported. 23d, 15; 24th, 29; 25th, 10; 26th, 14; 26th, find no report; 27th, 23; 28th, 12. At Philadelphia, the reports are 23d, 23 c. 10 d.; 24th, 18 c. 10 d.; 25th, 21 c. 10 d.; 26th, 30 c. 6 d.; 27th, 21 c. 7 d.; 28th, 16 c. 2 d.; 29th, 29 c. 4 d. At Albany, 23d, 28 c. 11 d.; 24th, 20 c. 5 d.; 25th, 9 c. 3 d.; 26th, 12 c. 6 d.; 27th, 13 c. 4 d.; 28th, 9 c. 3 d.; 29th, 7 c. 1 d. At Providence, on the 26th, 2 c. 1 d.—the only cases since the 15th. We hear of it nowhere else in R. I. At Boston, I new case since our last report. Two or three in the country in Mass. and two at Vergennes, Vt. At New Haven, Conn. there have been a few fatal cases, chiefly, if not wholly, at the Alms-house. One case, fatal, at Middletown. Westward, we hear of its extension only to one new point, St. Louis, and this we hope may prove a mistaken announcement. At Cleveland, Ohio, the whole number of cases reported is 19, 10 fatal; seven of the cases were from the shipping.

Returning to the City.—The Board of Health, on the 28th August published the following additional communication on this subject.

To Walter Bowne, Esq., President, &c.

Sir,—The Special Medical Council having been requested by the Board of Health, to express their opinion on the subject of inviting the return of absent citizens, have approached the subject with a deep sense of the responsibility which it involves. They

are fully aware of the extent to which the great commercial interests of the city are suffering by the continued absence of many of those whose occupations afford support not to themselves alone, but to large numbers in the humbler walks of life. At the same time, as medical men, they are bound to regard the subject with reference to the paramount considerations of the health and safety of those who are to be influenced by its decisions.

The number of cases of Malignant Cholera is now greatly diminished, notwithstanding the rapid increase of our population within the last week. Our long experience in the disease, while it has confirmed in every particular, the necessity of strict attention to diet and regimen, has given to us, and to this whole community, a sense of security under these precautions, which experience alone can inspire.

Influenced by these and other considerations of a like character, which they deem it unnecessary to detail, the Special Medical Council addressing themselves to the discreet portion of the community, invite them to return to their business and their homes. While giving this advice, they beg to reiterate to the public authorities all their former recommendations, and to individuals those of cleanliness, precaution in diet and regimen, and early attention to premonitory symptoms, by a due regard to which, they and those who have duly followed them have, by the blessing of God, gone through the season of pestilence unharmed.

In behalf of the Special Medical Council,
ALEX. H. STEVENS, M. D., President.

INTemperance.

Illustration is generally more persuasive than argument. For this reason it is particularly useful to quote examples of the consequences of vice rather than to furnish didactic essays on the general topic of its influence. One instance of witnessing the degradation to which intemperance has reduced an acquaintance, will be more efficient to impress the lesson of shunning the cup than a volume of dissertations. At the same time the latter are not without important uses. They serve as auxiliaries; they promote reflection; they fortify good resolutions; they are available often where other means are not at hand. Neither, then, should be alone relied on, but each be employed as occasion offers.

At the present moment a service may be done by copying the narration of a late occurrence in Philadelphia. The scene of the exhibition was the Mayor's office.

Among the prisoners brought up by the watch in their nightly round, was a young gentleman of high respectable connections, who had been taken up in the streets about midnight shockingly drunk, the result of a *collie*. He was dressed in odd style, and flourished a whip in his hand. The watchman was attracted by hearing him striking a passenger in Race-street, near that den of infamy, Wagner's-alley, and as it was impossible to keep him quiet, conducted him to the watch house. When brought up for examination next morning, he had not slept off the fumes of the liquor he had swallowed, and while waiting his turn to be questioned, he was seized with sickness at the stomach, followed by a dreadful fit of vomiting. "He's got the Cholera," immediately issued from the mouths of all present, and a shudder ran through the veins of all the spectators. He was conducted into the yard adjoining the Mayor's office, where the vomiting continued so violently that the Mayor directed a physician to be sent for immediately, and despatched another messenger to inform the prisoner's father of his son's situation. The physicians arrived, and pronounced him in a dangerous condition. His father soon after came, but refused to allow his son to be taken home, declaring that he was unworthy of his notice. He was accordingly removed to a Cholera Hospital.

The story needs no comment. Every reader will be irresistibly supplied by his own reflections.

We have lately mentioned the patriotic purpose expressed by B. F. Butler, Esq., of Albany, of attempting to prove to the satisfaction of the Grocers of this city (and we suppose the same arguments will apply in other cases) that it would conduce to their individual interest to relinquish the sale of spirituous liquors. From the high opinion we entertain of Mr. Butler's talents, this pledge of the attempt is full of hope. Let this desirable demonstration be made, and Mr. Butler will have the immortal honor of achieving a more important triumph than that of Yorktown or of Waterloo.

We have been gratified by observing a recent circular addressed to the proprietors of steam vessels navigating the waters of the state of New-York, on the subject of excluding spirituous liquors from their tables. It comes from a large number of the most respectable and influential citizens, and is intended to call the attention of those whom it addresses to a due consideration of the proposal, trusting that the reasons assigned will command their acquiescence. A single paragraph of the article is subjoined.

"We confidently believe that a respectable majority of travellers would be glad of a change. There are, in this state alone, more than 150,000 individuals who are pledged to abstain from ardent spirits, and at least as many more who practice on the same principles. A great change has been wrought in public opinion, and the community at large is every day becoming more and more interested in this subject. There can be little doubt, we think, that the community in general would not only not object to, but would cordially approve the alteration suggested. If this be doubted, we

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